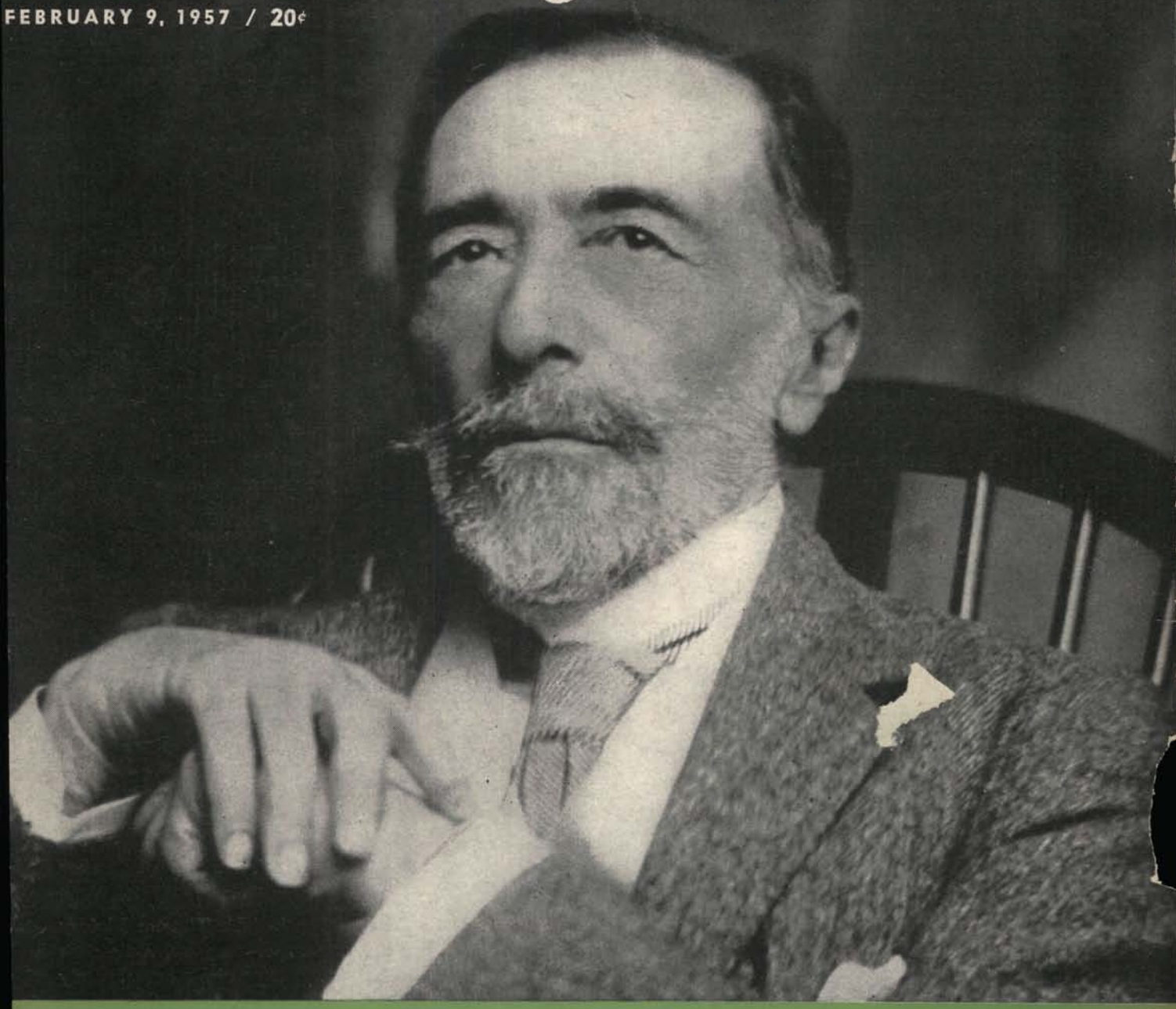
Saturday Review

FEBRUARY 9, 1957 / 20¢



Joseph Conrad, subject of a new biography, "The Sea Dreamer," by Gérard Jean-Aubry.

LETTER TO A TEACHER IN GAZA
By Norman Cousins

BEECHAM'S "SERAGLIO"
By Irving Kolodin

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The Saturday Review

"If Miss Prescott has not quite succeeded where St. Paul would never have tried, she has, nevertheless written a lovely, tender book imbued with the sacred love that in our times increasingly haunts the hearts of men."

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The original score for Aaron Copland's "Appalachian Spring" called for a chamber orchestra of just thirteen instruments. Later, in preparing the Ballet Suite (which won the Pulitzer Prize for music in 1945), the composer orchestrated a condensed version of the work. Two seasons ago, Eugene Ormandy persuaded Copland to furnish full score for the sections previously omitted. One notable addition was the dramatic episode in which the young bride of the story anticipates motherhood. Her reactions . . . joy, fear bordering on hysteria, and wonder . . . are vividly revealed. This complete version of the ballet is performed here by Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra, along with Copland's earlier masterpiece, "Billy the Kid."

COPLAND: "Appalachian Spring" and "Billy the Kid." ML 5157 $3.98

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(Advertisement)

When Camera Three, one of the few bright stars in television's lackluster cultural diadem, devoted a program to Joseph Conrad, the television section of a New York newspaper referred to him as a "Russian-born novelist."

One cannot expect TV editors to know much about books. When you spend your time looking at creatures 21 inches high, it's hard to adjust to the life-size human beings found in the pages of books. Still, one would expect even the youngest TV editor to know that Conrad was not a Russian, but a Pole.

To bring this editor up-to-date, I'm tempted to send him the new book, "The Sea Dreamer," the definitive biography of Conrad, by Gérard Jean-Aubry, which has been published by Doubleday in this, the year of the 100th anniversary of Conrad's birth.

Doubleday has always had a particular interest in Conrad. We were his American publisher, and most of his novels are still in print on the Doubleday list. We also published a few years ago, under the Hanover House imprint, "Tales of Land and Sea," a collection of twelve of his best stories.

For those who don't know Conrad, "Tales of Land and Sea" is a fine introduction. And for anyone interested in one of the great writers of our century, "The Sea Dreamer" is a must.

It is a story as fascinating as any of his own tales, this account of a sea captain who became a master of the English novel, even though he was born (Are you listening, Mr. TV Editor?) in Poland.

L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

"The Sea Dreamer" ($4.50), by Gérard Jean-Aubry, is published by Doubleday & Company, 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y., also publishers of Joseph Conrad's "Tales of Land and Sea" (695 pages for $2.95) and other Conrad novels, including "The Secret Agent" (75¢), a paperbound Anchor Book. All of these books may be obtained from your own bookseller or from any of the 30 Doubleday Book Shops, including The Old Corner Book Store, 50 Bromfield Street, Boston 7.

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"Absolutely masterful, a story that is both funny and profoundly moving, a virtuoso performance almost as exciting in execution as in what it conveys." —HARVEY SWADOS, *N. Y. Post*

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THE VIKING PRESS

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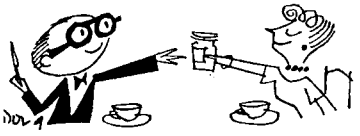
TRADE Winds

DEPLORING THE LURID and misleading jackets that adorn some of the trashier paperbacks, Randy Williams exhibited one at a Trade Book Clinic that showed a thinly clad hoyden clinging to a big hunk of man, sobbing, "Take me! Take me!" "If you track down the actual scene in the book," explained Williams, "you will learn that all the girl wanted was to be taken to Philadelphia. *I call that distortion.*" . . . In Boston, a publisher's advertising manager (and what a memory he's got!) avers that two manuscripts under consideration by his outfit are (1) a novel about Samson and Delilah called "Victory Through Hair Power" and (2) a study of Siamese Twins labelled "Shall We Join the Ladies?". . . . An employe of tycoon Alan Green reported.

"There's a story in one of our new books about a goat who ate a rabbit." "Aha," observed Green, "another clear-cut case of a hare in the butter." . . . In the *Orlando* (Florida) *Sentinel,* perky columnist Jean Yothers pointed out that "Reading acts as a bulwark against loneliness. It's entertaining. It's fun. Sitting with a book can be broadening to the mind as well as the behind!" . . . Red Motley's interoffice memo sheets at *Parade* bear his name on the top, followed by ". . . à propos de rien."

AT A RECENT FUND-RAISING DINNER in Washington, drinks were on the house —and about eight of them were soon inside a certain Senator. "This," whispered a publisher who was trying to hold him up, "is what we refer to as a high government official." . . . There is one famous author who "writes like an angel," but who is difficult to understand when he talks. Reports his secretary: "He's very considerate when he dictates to me, but I have to take a lot for grunted." . . . Maxwell Droke maintains that a really old gaffer is a gent who can remember when best-selling novels contained asterisks. . . . Rueful social note in a small Minnesota weekly: "The Book Lovers Club had its first fall meeting get-together with husbands of the members at dinner Thursday evening. Following the dinner the group went to the home of a member to watch television." . . . Ollie James tells about a dutiful father who persuaded his twelve-year-old son to read a book explaining the birds and the bees. Unfortunately, it was so convincing that after the son had absorbed it, he never went out with anything but pigeons until he was seventy. . . . Helen McKay, after observing the hazards to which U. S. Navy personnel are exposed on the Place Pigalle in Paris, warned, "It's c'est la vie,/and c'est la guerre,/But most of all/C'est la beware!"

PURELY PERSONAL. . . . My favorite airlines are United, American, and Pan-Am. Best meals, best service, schedules maintained most faithfully. They explain delays to the passengers, too. . . . Hotels I love to patronize: The Beverly Hills and Beverly Hilton in California; Ritz in Boston; Tarleton in New Hampshire; Fontainebleau in Miami Beach; La Quinta in the Desert, Ambassador East in Chicago; any hostelry managed by Neal Lang. (My friends tell me the best hotel in New York today is the Pierre. Oh, how we need some new ones here!) . . . My favorite pipe tobacco: Mixture Number A-9666 from Dunhill's. Expensive, but satisfying. The aroma pleases folks around you, too. . . . No caramels like those made by Blum's at Polk and California Street, San Francisco. Betty Blair will take care of your order there. She sold $130,000 worth at Christmas. Looks like a good spring for dentists. . . . Delicious spread for toast: Ilima Coconut Syrup, distributed by Clarence Y. Jim in Honolulu. Gregg Sinclair of the University of Hawaii introduced this



product to us, and a jar has been on our breakfast table ever since.

I share Bill Faulkner's and Red Warren's enthusiasm for Jack Daniels's Sour Mash Number 7. Hope the new owners won't tamper with the formula! . . . After-shaving lotion preferred at our house: Schiaparelli's "Snuff." . . . Most useful desk-gadget ever presented to me by my bride:

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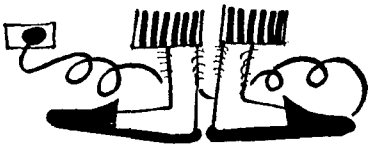
an electric pencil-sharpener (and how I hollered when she planked down twenty-eight bucks for it!) . . . Hammacher Schlemmer have come up with an invaluable new bar-help that separates ice cubes frozen together in a bucket with practically no effort. It's called "I-SNIP" and sells for $3. . . . Another gadget that caught my fancy is an electric "vacuum brush," about the size of a pocket flashlight, that whisks the lint off a dark suit in no time flat. Inferior ones are available at about $3, but the best I found,



a Japanese product called the "Pilot Star" retails at $6.95. . . . The Japs are also introducing electric lounge slippers. Plug them in and pouf! there go frosted toes!

WHAT'S THIS: BALLPLAYERS heading south already for pre-training routines? Here's a baseball quiz, then (for experts only), prepared by the *Herald-Trib's* John Hutchens, who, despite an unfortunate blind-spot where the Red Sox are concerned, knows considerably more about the fine points of the national pastime than—well, than John Beecroft: 1. Who was the oldest player ever to appear in a major-league ball game? 2. What pitcher established his league's record for both strike-outs and bases on balls? 3. What player hit over .400 in his first full season, but failed to win his league's batting championship? 4. Who was Lou Gehrig pinch-hitting for when he started baseball's longest playing streak? 5. What player has the club record with two teams for striking out least often? Answers: 1. Nick Altrock, fifty-seven, pinch-hitting for Washington in 1933. 2. Bob Feller (just retired): 348 strikeouts, 208 bases on balls. 3. Joe Jackson, Cleveland: .408 in 1911. 4. Pee Wee Wanninger, in 1925. 5. Frankie Frisch: Giants, 12; Cardinals, 10. . . . Additional diamond lore gleaned from the latest edition of the official "Encyclopedia of Baseball": 1. Commonest name of big-league practitioners, logically enough, is Smith (eighty-two to date). 2. The first professional ball team was the Cincinnati Red Stockings. It showed a profit the first season out, too—the staggering sum of $1.39 net! 3. Up to the season of 1956, there were 141 no-hit games pitched in the big leagues—and six of them were lost! Biggest heartbreaker was the double no-hitter that Jim Vaughn of the Cubs lost to Fred Toney of the

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Red Legs in the tenth inning on May 2, 1917. (And will there ever again be a game like Larsen's World Series classic of 1956?) 4. Among the cities that at one time or another held big-league franchises are, believe it or not, Altoona, Elizabeth, Middletown—and Keokuk! (Latest blueprint, possibly in time for the 1959 season, is for two major circuits of ten teams each: the American League will be the Eastern wheel, extending from Boston to Miami; the National League the Western wheel, stretching from Chicago to Los Angeles and San Francisco, and possibly embracing Dallas or Houston. Baseball magnates must revolutionize their thinking or be mounted at the Museum of Natural History with other prehistoric fossils!)

A FEW WEEKS BACK I DEPLORED the paucity of qualified literary critics in America today. England, it seems, is in the same predicament, and one London newspaper—Lord Beaverbrook's prosperous *Evening Standard*—decided to do something about it.

The "something" was a bang-up luncheon party for the entire British book publishing fraternity. When the guests had been wined and dined to a fare-thee-well, the literary editor of the *Standard* arose to confess that while his book pages were being supported almost too well by publishers' advertising, he seemed impotent to halt a steady decline both in quality and quantity of the literary content. The most obvious defect, he admitted, was irremediable: the *Standard* no longer could call upon Arnold Bennett for a lead review. His pieces not only had caused comment, but more important, sold books.

Now, implored the *Standard* editors of their publisher guests, what concrete suggestions had *they* to offer for pepping up the literary section? The publishers, well-fed, flattered, and concerned, strode forth to tackle the problem, with a full report promised in due course.

Is there an American newspaper publisher in the audience?

—Bennett Cerf.

Solution of Last Week's Kingsley Double-Crostic (No. 1193)

Fred Allen:

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Daily Express (London): "An enchanting, witty story. It reads like Nancy Mitford at her most brilliant."

The Observer (London): "The most interesting book about the pre-1914 world since Robert Briffault's *Europa*. Here is a novel at once witty, informed, and radiant with *la douceur de vivre*."

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By RACHEL MADDUX

Price $4, Simon and Schuster

The Literary Sampler

CONRAD REMEMBERED: What do I know of Conrad? . . . Always restless, impatient, irascible, he behaved at home more like the genius of romantic fiction than any of our own less brooding writers. He would start to his feet and throw offending objects out of windows; at the dinner table, lost to the present amid his thoughts of difficulties, he would abstractedly roll bread into small pellets which he flipped in every direction, even that of the plates and faces of his forgotten guests. He was abrupt, courteous, princely; doing all, though his ability to pay for it was doubtful, in the grand manner. His readiness to take offence was beyond that of even English-born writers. . . . You would have thought him the most arrogant of men; yet his gratitude for praise was deep and simple. He once walked across a room to H. M. Tomlinson, and abruptly said: "*You* don't think I'm a fraud, do you?"

—From "Background with Chorus," by Frank Swinnerton (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, $3.50).

NEW YORK 1776: In contrast to siege-worn Boston, a city nearly dead, New York, with a swelling population of nearly twenty-five thousand, was all bustle and elegance in spite of the curbs put upon its normal life by the tensions and shortages of war . . . its streets were wider and more regular than those of Boston, and its main thoroughfare, Broadway, was shaded by rows of trees and lined with fine residences, churches, and public buildings . . . beyond the city wall were little settlements at places called the Bowery, Bloomingdale, and Harlem. There great mansions at the end of tree-lined drives were as imposing as the splendid town houses, but it was the city and not its pastoral environs that evoked comparisons with "any metropolis in Europe." The impression it made upon Washington that April is suggested by his giving out as the parole for the day after his arrival the word "New York."

—From "Rebels and Redcoats," edited by George F. Scheer and Hugh F. Rankin (World, $7.50).

SHAW ON PLAY PRODUCTION: The cast finds out more every time what [the play "Getting Married"] is all about: and so, consequently, does the audience. It justs wants to be made an hour longer and played every day for the next ten years. . . . All that the play wants is £10,000 to nurse it into a full grown institution.

—From "Bernard Shaw's Letters to Granville Barker," edited by C. B. Purdom (Theatre Arts Books, $4.50).

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The Saturday Review
FEBRUARY 9, 1957

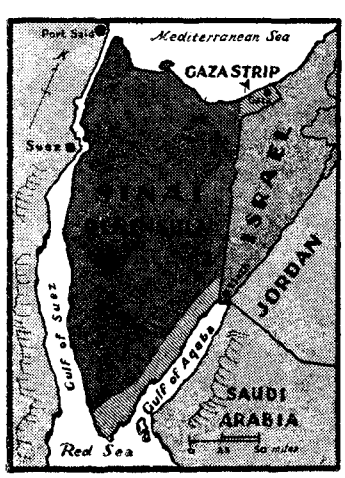
LETTER TO A TEACHER IN GAZA

By NORMAN COUSINS

BACKGROUND NOTE: *When the fighting ended in Palestine in 1948 the Armistice Commission was unable to redraw the boundaries in a way that suited all parties concerned. One of the areas thus redefined which produced the greatest tension was what is now known as the Gaza Strip. It is about ten miles wide and thirty miles long. It is a long rectangular patch with the Sinai peninsula at the southern short end, the Mediterranean on the West, and Israel on the East and North [see map]. One way for an American to visualize this is to imagine that a narrow strip of land would jut out from Mexico into the body of California with the Pacific as the West boundary.*

Geographically, then, the Gaza Strip is a freak. Politically, it is a world fever-blister. It was not incorporated into Egypt as an integral part of that nation by the Palestine Armistice Commission but was administered by Egypt. Adding to the volatility of the area is the fact that almost 200,000 Arab refugees, who fled from Israel during the fighting in 1947-48, are now in the Gaza camps for displaced persons. The UNRWA (United Nations Relief and Welfare Agency) provided the refugees with housing, food, schools.

The Gaza Strip quickly became something more than an enclave for refugees. It became a highly combustible zone in the relations between Egypt and Israel. It was from the Gaza Strip that Egypt later began to launch its terror raids into adjoining Israel territory. And it was into the Strip that Israel sent punitive expeditions. Then, late last October, the Israeli army moved into the Gaza Strip and funneled out into the Sinai peninsula.



Finally, the Gaza is one of the two main areas on which Israel has been seeking guarantees before giving up all the territory it had captured in the campaign. It asked guarantees from the U.N. that the Gaza Strip would no longer be used as a base for the hit-and-run terror raids. It wanted a guarantee, too, that its access into Elath, its seaport on the Gulf of Aqaba, would not be blockaded by Egypt when Israeli ships passed through the narrow straits on the southern end of the Gulf.

SR's Editor has been in Africa and the Middle East. The accompanying letter is the first of a series of dispatches from that area.

Schoolteacher
Beach Camp
Gaza Strip
c/UNRWA
Egypt-Israel

DEAR SCHOOLTEACHER:

THIS is the letter you asked me to write.

You may recall that a few days ago I visited the settlement for Arab refugees in the Gaza Strip. You pushed your way through the gathering crowd and addressed me in English.

"Are you an American?" was the first thing you said.

I nodded.

Then you asked, "How do I know you will tell the truth?"

I was somewhat bewildered by this, and before I could find a reply you said you would talk to me about conditions in Gaza but you were not sure I would tell the truth when I returned to America.

As you spoke, I looked at your fellow Arabs crowding in on us. Most of them were younger than you; I judged you to be about thirty-three or thirty-five. There must have been fifty or more young people in the group. Many of them were saying insistent things in Arabic and you waved them off in a way that made it clear you needed no prompting.

I asked why you were afraid that I would not tell the truth. And you replied that none of the people from America who visited the camp told the truth when they went home. You said they told you that they were your friends but later turned against the Arabs.

Then you spoke with great intensity about conditions at the camp. You referred to the lack of sanitation and about the piles of refuse that had not been cleared away. Then you swallowed hard and told me that Arab girls had been violated by Jewish soldiers and that women had been murdered in their beds.

I said I wanted to find out as much as I could from all parties concerned. You hesitated for a moment, then plunged ahead with your account. And all the while, other young people would chime in with sidelights of their own and you would ask them to be quiet while you spoke.

"The Jewish authorities have closed our schools," you said. "I am a schoolteacher and they will not let me teach. What am I expected to do? But what is worst are the attacks

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At the Beach Camp for refugees in Gaza: "The older people would glance at me and go about their business."

by Jewish soldiers on our women. They have forced their way into our homes. Do you know how important virginity is to Arab girls? Last week an Arab mother was murdered in her bed. What are we to do? Why have the Jews invaded Egypt and overrun our camp? What are they going to do next?"

I could see that there were yet other questions in your mind about me. Why had I come to the camp? Was I to be trusted? What would I do with the information you were giving me?

There was too much confusion at the time for me to tell you how I happened to be in Gaza or what I intended to do with the information you gave me. Let me do so now.

I CAME to Gaza because Gaza had suddenly become more than a saturation point of tension between Israel and Egypt. Gaza was now a fuse which, unless controlled, could touch off an explosion whose effects could be felt far beyond the Middle East. Of real importance, too, is the historical and spiritual significance of Gaza and the Sinai peninsula. And the world is interested and concerned. Unfortunately, not enough is known in the outside world about the complex problems of the Gaza Strip and its refugees to enable most people to make careful judgments. For that matter, I am afraid that not enough was known about the general situation in the Middle East to support the big decisions that have to be made. As an American, I had not felt that I could see the proportion of all the parts or the perspective of the whole. And so I came to the Middle East to find out.

Shortly after I arrived in Tel Aviv I asked the authorities for permission to visit the Gaza Strip, then under Israeli military occupation. The permission was granted. David Solomon, an information officer, was assigned to escort me through the military guard posts. The first thing I wanted to do was to visit an Arab refugee settlement. I was taken to the Beach Camp, one of the largest of the Gaza camps operated by the UNRWA. As soon as I walked into the settlement, I noticed that the youngsters seemed to hold back when I smiled at them. I picked up one of them and showed him how my camera worked. Then the other children broke into wide grins and began to pepper me with their Arabic. Now and then I would hear a strident "hahloo."

The older people would glance at me and go about their business. Many of them were squatting or sitting at the doorways to the stone-and-cement quarters that had been built for them by the U.N.

I picked my way carefully through the narrow lanes of the settlement, for the children by this time were swarming around me. I was afraid that some of them would get underfoot. It was then that you came forward and offered to tell me the truth about the conditions at the camp since the Israeli came to Gaza.

You will recall that before leaving the camp, I gave you my name and address and asked for yours. You said you would not give it to me but said that if I addressed you simply as "Schoolteacher, Beach Camp, Gaza," my letter would reach you. I asked you how many teachers there were and learned that there were dozens; but you assured me that this would make no difference.

I write this letter to you, then, to tell you what I found out after we said goodbye. When I got back in the car, David Solomon refrained from comment on what I had been told but asked me if I would care to speak to the United Nations people who were in charge of the camp and in a good position to know what was happening. I assured him of my eagerness in this respect.

After a few minutes we drove into the compound of the United Nations Relief and Welfare Agency headquarters for the Arab refugee settlements. The Administrator was Colonel Roy Lucas of New Zealand. We discovered we had mutual friends in the United Nations; indeed, that two of them had been married at my home in the United States.

Colonel Lucas leaned back and spoke with complete frankness about conditions at the Beach Camp in particular and the refugee settlements in general.

He began by making it clear to me that the Israeli had taken me to the only camp in Gaza—there being a half dozen—which had serious problems or grievances.

"The overall picture is quite good," he said. "We have no complaints to make about the cooperation of the Israeli. If you had gone to almost any other camp you would probably have heard complimentary things about the military occupation. Even here at the Beach Camp it all depends on whom you talk to. There are some troublemakers, I am afraid, and it is rather easy to get a distorted picture."

I told him about the things that were disturbing you.

"Yes," Colonel Lucas said, "we have jurisdiction over these camps, and any such outrages as were described to you it is our responsibility to investigate. We have checked into all such charges and are continuing to do so. Up to now, we have found nothing to support them. These investigations have been more than routine. On the basis of what we have learned so far, we are unable to make any charges.

"There is of course a certain amount of loose conduct in all armies under battle conditions. But we have been given nothing that can be regarded as evidence. Even so, we have reported whatever protests we received to the Israeli military authorities.

"Last Friday a woman was murdered at the Beach Camp. Some of

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the Arabs charged that the murder was committed by an Israeli soldier when the woman resisted his attentions. This, too, we have been investigating thoroughly. We are also investigating the possibility that the woman was murdered by someone from within the camp itself. It's a fairly complicated story involving jealousy by a third party; even here, however, we have to do much more checking."

I remembered what you told me about the lack of sanitation and the fact that the garbage was not being removed. Colonel Lucas asked me if I had actually seen those garbage heaps. I could not say that I had seen anything that would fit the particular description. He made a notation of the fact just the same.

Then I asked him about the schools and about the fact that you and other teachers had been removed from your jobs.

He said that my general impression was incorrect. For a time after the invasion, the life of the settlement was disrupted and the schools had been closed down. But the elementary schools, which were under the jurisdiction of the U.N., had been opened some days earlier. The secondary schools were under the jurisdiction of the Israeli occupation and had opened that very morning.

As for the teachers, he said that only a few at the Beach Camp had been barred from the classroom. This was because the Israeli military authorities were disturbed because some of the teachers had a record of using the classroom for indoctrinating the children against Israel. But the overwhelming majority of the teachers had received a clean bill of health and were back at school.

The conversation then took a more general turn.

First, so far as the Gaza Strip was concerned, he said that the urgent need was for some political stability in the area. The refugees were entitled to know where they stood. The Beach Camp would continue to reflect the political uncertainty at the top. If the Israeli were going to remain in Gaza, then the Arabs there would make the adjustment accordingly. But if the Egyptians were going to return, they wanted definite word on that too. In any case, things had to be settled on a workable basis.

Turning to the long-range problem of the Arab refugees, I asked Colonel Lucas what the prospects were for genuine resettlement.

"In this kind of work you learn to resist easy solutions," he said. "In fact, there's a certain danger in glib approaches. I've heard a great many propositions but not too many of them make sense. There's no place for the refugees either in Jordan or Lebanon: some religious differences or lack of space or both. And the Israeli proposal to settle them in Iraq seems to me to be unrealistic. The country couldn't support them.

"Meanwhile, before we decide what the long-range solution is going to be, we've got some immediate problems that vitally concern almost two hundred thousand human beings. The political uncertainty I spoke of a moment ago. But things can't go back to what they were either. The sporadic warfare across the borders hardly provides the basis for stability."

Arab settlement in Gaza: "At first, the youngsters seemed to hold back . . . then they broke into wide grins."

And then Colonel Lucas made what seemed to me to be a fundamental point in the relations between Arab and Jew.

He said that the area could use a little more realism. There's altogether too much fantasy. He had spoken earlier about the unrealistic Jewish proposal about resettlement in Iraq. Now he spoke about the lack of reality among Arabs who feel that there must be a return to the 1947 United Nations partition proposals. He said it was sheer fantasy to ignore the existence of Israel as a state. "Maybe if enough people learn to recognize facts as they are we might have a beginning towards something workable in the area," he concluded.

* * *

THE reason I have allowed this letter to go beyond the specific matters you spoke to me about is that there is a direct connection between what happens to the Arab refugees and the creation of an enduring peace in that part of the world. When the relations between Israel and her Arab neighbors begin to make sense, then it is likely that a program with some moral imagination behind it has a real chance to be put to work. Part of the Arab world has considered itself at war with Israel since 1948. So long as this continues, acts of war by one side or another are inevitable. But once the sovereignties of all the nations in the area are effectively accepted, the combined energies of all the peoples can be harnessed to the full development of the region. Within Israel itself, for example, large projects are under way to reclaim the entire Negev desert. Scientists are working on plans to desalinate the water from the sea and bring it down to the desert in pipes with a diameter of more than five feet. If the Negev can be opened up, there will be space enough in Israel for a great many Arab settlers on the same terms under which 150,000 Arabs now live in the country: citizenship and participation in its community and cultural life. And there is the prospect of similar projects throughout the entire region.

You are concerned about all this, I am certain. But you cannot be blamed for asking an immediate answer to an immediate personal problem. You want to know when you can teach again.

In this connection, you may be interested in a talk I had with Colonel Haim Gaon, the Israeli military commander of the Gaza occupation. I met Colonel Gaon about an hour after I left the UNRWA headquarters near

(*Continued on page* 46)

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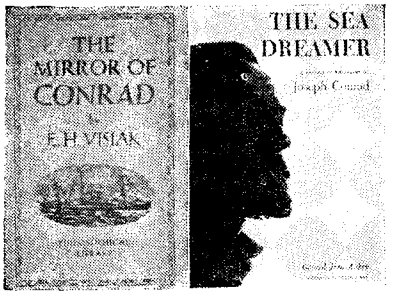


SR's *Books of the Week:*

Two New Studies of Joseph Conrad

By JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

"I KNOW," wrote Joseph Conrad, "that a novelist lives in his work. He stands there, the only reality in an invented world, among imaginary things, happenings, and people. Writing about them, he is only writing about himself."

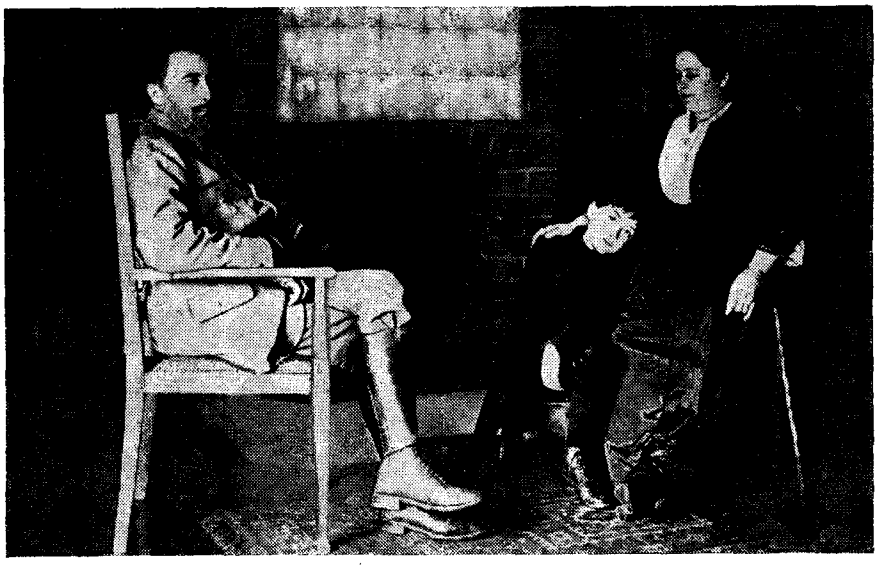
This is not a very popular opinion at the present moment, when critics admire "objectivity" more than "personality." It may even have something to do with the fact that Conrad's novels, though read and respected, are not as much in the swim of literary fashion as they once were. But it is at least a good reason for studying his work in connection with his life. And that is precisely what two new books—**"The Sea Dreamer,"** by Gérard Jean-Aubry (translated by Helen Sebba; Doubleday, $4.50) and **"The Mirror of Conrad,"** by E. H. Visiak (Philosophical Library, $4.75) undertake to do. To some extent they overlap and to some extent they supplement one another. The first is a complete biography, product of twenty years' research by a friend to whom was entrusted a great deal of unpublished material and obviously destined to be a primary source for any future study of the novelist's life. The second, which draws upon and acknowledges its debt to the first, is primarily concerned, not with the biography as such, but with the literary use which Conrad made of his adventures and his experiences. Yet each is, in its own way, a search for "the only reality in an invented world" and the two are in essential agreement as to what that reality was.

The fact that Conrad was an English novelist who had never heard English spoken until he was past twenty is not the only paradox of his career. He was also a man whose only significant experiences were dominated by the sea to which, by fifteen, he was determined to devote himself, despite the fact that he had never set eyes upon it. Commenting on this mystery, Mr. Visiak stresses the fact that as a child Conrad read Captain Marryat and his own father's translation of Hugo's "Toilers by the Sea." M. Jean-Aubry, on the other hand, writes: "It could not really be the sea that drew him, for he did not know the sea . . . These lungs, which had hardly ever since the day he was born been able to breathe freely . . . craved open spaces—open like those of his native Podolia, but free."

The two explanations are, of course, not mutually exclusive. Conrad read romantic tales of the sea, and the oppressions of a tyrannical government were among the first things of which he was aware. Orphaned child of an upper-middle-class Polish patriot whose early death was certainly hastened by his sufferings as a political prisoner, he not unnaturally dreamed of a life in which at least the day-by-day events are controlled by the individual, not by a government. His career was a series of abrupt, decisive steps, all of which led in the same direction. At seventeen he left Poland and the protection of his uncle-guardian for Marseilles to sign on as a common sailor. During a brief period there he sowed a few wild oats which included, apparently, some amatory adventure in good society and, more significant, a romantic episode as gun-runner for the Carlist rebels. About four years later he took the next step by going to England, working again as a common sailor while he prepared himself for the successive examinations which brought him licenses culminating in that as a Master qualified for command. There followed the varied careers, first in the Orient and then in connection with the voyage to Africa. Finally came bad health, retirement from the sea at thirty-seven, and a distinguished literary career for a man who seems never to have attempted writing in English until a few years before and in whom there had been little previous indication of literary ambition.

The paradox is not as difficult to resolve as might at first sight appear. Conrad's persistent theme is the struggle of a man to come to terms with himself and he took to the sea because he was embarking upon a philosophical quest. M. Jean-Aubry writes of how "every day strengthens him in his feeling of liberty, of individual action in the solitude of great oceans, of the satisfaction of being able to breathe freely, far from political or social conventions of tyranny." To Mr. Visiak, Conrad is "a tragic writer in the old classic signification rather than, what he is usually styled, a romantic realist."

As both of these comments suggest, Conrad is concerned with the conflicts between men and other individual men, between men and the universe around them, above all between a man and himself. The conflict between man and society hardly exists and cannot exist because his heroes have, in a sense, solved them by leaving them behind, by choosing an environment where the only contacts are with a few other men, with the sea, and with oneself. This is perhaps another reason why Conrad's novels are not very extensively discussed in a world which has become so obsessed with the idea of society as the all-important fact that it can hardly imagine themes, problems, or truth in isolation.



Joseph Conrad with his wife and son—". . . a tragic writer."

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Conrad After 100 Years

AS FAR as literature is concerned, the most important hundredth birthday anniversary of 1957 is Anglo-Polish. Teodor Jozef Konrad Korzeniowski, who became Joseph Conrad, one of the greatest of English novelists, was born at Berdyczew, Russian Poland, on Dec. 3, 1857. To get the celebration off to an early start, his American publisher this week issued "The Sea Dreamer: A Definitive Biography of Joseph Conrad," by Gérard Jean-Aubry, a close friend of Conrad, the translator of many of his novels, the editor of "The Life and Letters of Joseph Conrad" (1927). For reasons that Joseph Wood Krutch makes clear on the opposite page, in his centennial year Conrad is a master out of season. A measure of the present state of his popularity is offered by the small number of books by him that are now in print.

CHANCE. *Doubleday*, $3. Of the curious way in which destiny dealt with Flora de Barral, daughter of a swindler, and how she was rescued by a sea captain.

HEART OF DARKNESS AND THE SECRET SHARER. *New American Library.* Paperbound, 35¢. Two of Conrad's shorter pieces. The first, the most famous, the most taught, and the most anthologized of Conrad's stories, tells of the relations between Marlowe and the morally bankrupt Kurtz amid the sinister atmosphere of the Congo. "The Secret Sharer," about a ship captain who shelters a fugitive, is the story of Everyman taking upon himself another's guilt.

LORD JIM. *Doubleday*, $3.50. *Modern Library*, $1.65. Conrad's favorite theme of atonement was never sounded more purely than in the story of a man who, following a single moment of cowardice, devotes a lifetime in repentance for his lost honor.

NIGGER OF THE NARCISSUS. *Doubleday*, $2.50. *Harper*, 95¢. "The very finest picture of the sea and sea life that our language possesses" was what Henry James called this story of a dying sailor on a tortuous voyage home from India.

NOSTROMO. *Modern Library*, $1.65. All of the themes that Conrad dealt with —detachment and involvement, courage, atonement, fidelity—are here set against the rich background of an imaginary South American country.

THE PORTABLE CONRAD. *Viking*, $2.50. A good selection of the short stories, autobiographical writings, and letters, as well as the complete "Nigger of the Narcissus," "Heart of Darkness," and "Typhoon." Edited by Morton D. Zabel.

RESCUE. *Doubleday*, $3.50. Here again Conrad's theme is man, solitary and detached, finding victory in his involvement with life, in this case in the Malaya archipelago.

ROMANCE. *Written in collaboration with Ford Madox Ford. Doubleday*, $3.50. The adventures of a noble young Englishman whose life becomes complicated by the evil he encounters in the Cuban stronghold of Rio Medio.

THE ROVER. *Doubleday*, $2. The shores of the Mediterranean during the Napoleonic wars are the setting for this story of Peyrol, the sea rover, who returns to the quiet village of his birth only to become involved in the greatest adventure of his life.

THE SECRET AGENT. *Doubleday*, 75¢. The fruitlessness of revolution demonstrated through a set of insurrectionists, each of them a gem of characterization. A thriller, complete with bombs, spies, and murder.

TALES OF LAND AND SEA. *Hanover House*, $2.95. "Youth," "Heart of Darkness," and many of the shorter stories are included.

TYPHOON AND OTHER STORIES. *Doubleday*, $3.50. "Typhoon" is about a ship's battle against a storm in the China seas. The captain, MacWhirr, reflects Conrad's constant absorption with those who cannot see "the true horror behind the apparent face of things."

VICTORY. *Doubleday*, $3.75. *Modern Library*, $1.65. Heyst, "the man of unusual detachment," is impelled through pity to rescue a girl and take her to his isolated island where he finds death and victory.

Worldly Scholar

"The Papers of Christian Gauss," edited by Katherine Gauss Jackson and Hiram Haydn *(Random House. 373 pp. $6), records the personality and interests of a great American humanist. Our reviewer is Professor Howard Mumford Jones of Harvard.*

By Howard Mumford Jones

ONE of the paradoxes of American culture is that the humanities have virtually no enemies and the humanists feel that they have few friends. The humanities exist to "broaden," to "enrich," to "acquaint the undergraduate with culture," to embody or explicate the "emotional and spiritual side of life." Obviously nobody can oppose these admirable ends. But humanists are another matter. What do you mean by humanist? Do you refer to a grubby technician in a "narrow" specialty (specialties are always narrow, never deep), or do you mean a teacher involved in something vague called "appreciation," or do you mean a lover of wisdom pursuing philosophic ends? Or, finally, do you mean a resident of that unfortunate architectural monstrosity, an ivory tower? This strange dwelling is inhabited only by humanists; chess-players, mathematicians, atomic physicists, theoretical economists, and cryptologists all apparently live in the stream of the world.

Were one to select an American humanist who lived vigorously in the stream of the world without loss of scholarly values, one ought to select the late Dean Christian Gauss of Princeton, whose papers, edited by his daughter Katherine Gauss Jackson and Hiram Haydn, editor of *The American Scholar*, have now been published. The book, it is true, lacks unity. It begins with a fragment of autobiography, moves on to diary entries from three European trips, includes some college lectures, prints two essays on American life, and essentially concludes with correspondence between the dean and Edmund Wilson and F. Scott Fitzgerald. But it has a deeper unity than literature—the unity of personality.

Gauss was, to begin with, an American humanist. The two essays on American life discuss his native Midwest: one Midwestern cultural life, the other the tension between the West Coast and the East. The correspondence (principally with Wilson) concerns, though it does not wholly concern, American issues and

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American writing. But his scholarship was in European literature, particularly French letters; and the college lectures fortunately included in this volume are a lesson in the performance of function by an American humanist—the sympathetic exposition of values from "outside" a culture in order to eliminate parochialism. Equally the letters to Wilson tacitly assume that the business of being literary is more than the task of being literate: Gauss, with all his crotchets, holds Wilson to what I may call an international standard of achievement.

For the dean had his crotchets. He could not stand Browning, he took a distant view of some of Wilson's literary contemporaries, and an essay on the "Lost Generation" is dated. His views were conservative because he knew so much more history than his students knew, just as he knew that the forts of folly do not fall under the assaults of youth. He was in one sense a twentieth-century Voltairean. But his Voltaireanism was of the wide prospect, not the shallow wisecrack, and the man who had his regular seat in the football stadium looked upon modernity without scorning it. He went to see a movie of "What Price Glory" and loathed it, but the book also contains notes for an introduction of Clarence Darrow. A final memory of Dean Gauss at the end of the volume contains the sentence: " 'This is *good* Scotch,' he said, with an emphasis that suggested that we were responsible for its excellence." Perhaps the final cause, as Aristotle might say, of the humanist is that he knows how to live and to let other people live.

In one sense the "Papers of Christian Gauss" is eminently Princetonian. Its contents appeal to alumni of that institution who want to conjure up and retain memories of the great dean. Inevitably his decanal reminiscences are of Princeton problems; perhaps not so inevitably the literary correspondence here printed concerns two Princeton alumni. But the book begins: "In one lifetime, I have lived through the history of civilization." The writer of such a sentence looked beyond Nassau Hall to wider horizons, and fragmentary though the volume must be, it frames a personality of import to our present bewilderment about the place of the humanities and of humanistic scholarship in the national culture. The lineaments of an ideal American humanist look very much like the lineaments of Dean Christian Gauss.

ROMANTIC YOUTH: Alexandre Dumas's "Mes Mémoires," with its action-packed narrative and sweep of colorful detail, has long been an indispensable source for those writing on the "uncrowned king of Paris." But the work covers only the first thirty years of his life for all the twenty-two volumes in the original edition. **"The Road to Monte Cristo,"** by Jules Eckert Goodman (Scribner's, $5.95), is a condensation under a single cover of this gigantic autobiographical work. The task was a difficult one, confronted as the editor was by the amount of tempting material from which to choose. He has chosen well. A strong sense of continuity has been maintained, and we are presented in bold relief with the essential Dumas from his formative years to his first heady triumphs. Events tumble one after the other in quick succession. Childhood is highlighted by a series of brief reminiscences, some bordering on the tragic, others gay and mocking. His early struggles in the nation's capital lead to the first sensational successes in the Parisian theatre. The youthful celebrity knows most of the famous and near-famous of the day, dallies in the boudoirs of dazzling actresses, sires two illegitimate children, and participates in more than one encounter on the dueling field. He emerges from the revolution of 1830 as something of a hero.

All of this and more Dumas tells skilfully and often epigrammatically, with perspicacious observations on the political, social and literary life of his times. —OTIS FELLOWS.

DREAMER: A new biography of Jules Verne is welcome, for interest in him ripens and multiplies as translation of his stories into film remind new millions of the nineteenth-century foreteller of the twentieth century. In **"Jules Verne, Prophet of a New Age"** (Coward-McCann, $3.95), Marguerite Allotte de la Fuye has written freshly of his youth and, as his kinswoman, is able to use many personal letters to reveal him as a man, a son, a brother and husband, as well as pioneering artist. Son of a conservative Catholic lawyer who had counted on his eldest son succeeding to his sober and prosperous practice, young Jules was also the descendant of ship owners and merchant adventurers in the West Indian trade. Jules was thwarted in his first essay at running away to sea.

But at last he gets to Paris to study law, and always a versifier, discovers the delight of words, the theatre, the excitement of new discoveries in the sciences. He rises at dawn to write, to create a world of his own. Finally he strikes the gold that all writers look for in the person of the publisher Hetzel. His book "Five Weeks in a Balloon" is only the first of an encyclopedic program. The rest is history. All ages delight in his books. Edition after edition, and translations into every European language follow.

When Jules Verne died in 1905 he left as legacy to all nations forty volumes plus eight manuscripts which were published posthumously. Verne was a humanist, not a scientist but a respecter of science. He can still lift readers by his imagination out of fear into freedom. —ERNESTINE EVANS.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

SPELLING BEE

The authors' names listed below are susceptible to occasional misspelling. An unspecified number of them are misspelled here; there is only one error in each misspelled name, and the error may be in first, second, or last name. If you haven't time to fool around with this turn immediately to page 47.

1. Rupert Brooke
2. Haywood Broun
3. Irvin S. Cobb
4. (Captain) James Cook
5. John Esten Cooke
6. Walter D. Edmunds
7. T. S. Eliot
8. C. S. Forrester
9. Thomas Gray
10. Zane Gray
11. Du Bose Heyward
12. Aldus Huxley
13. Vachel Lindsay
14. Howard Lindsey
15. John Middleton Murray
16. Eugene O'Neil
17. Katherine Ann Porter
18. William Sidney Porter
19. Edward Arlington Robinson
20. Carl Sandberg
21. Sacheverell Sitwell
22. Ernest Thompson-Seton
23. James Thomson ("The City of Dreadful Night")
24. James Thomson ("The Seasons")
25. Glenway Wescott
26. Edward Noyes Westcott
27. Thomas Wolfe
28. Virginia Woolf
29. Elinor Wylie
30. Philip Wylie

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FICTION

Girl in a Daydream

***"The Loving Eye," by William Sansom** (Reynal. 253 pp. $3.50), describes the infatuation of a middle-aged Londoner with a girl spied through a window across the way.*

By Walter Havighurst

IN BOOKS that rove as far as Spain and Scandinavia William Sansom has shown a special feeling for place and for the characters and actions which his sense of place suggests. His new novel "The Loving Eye" stays at home, in London, but again he shows his preoccupation with a special place and what *could* happen there. It never becomes inevitable, but one is persuaded.

The place is a block of brown-front houses in the West End of London—or rather it is their back windows, looking on the small walled gardens and to other windows beyond. The half-seen lives of people in a row of middle-class flats and the infatuation that focuses upon one of them are the substance of this novel.

Matthew Ligne, a bachelor of forty, is recuperating from an ulcer. His enforced quiet and his surfeit of living —"too many directions taken and abandoned"—led him to a fascination with the girl in the opposite window. For a while he is content with curiosity and daydream—"our dreams are the only real innocence"—and he is not looking at her so much as at what she might have been. When he emerges, bent on meeting her, he fears the actuality. Mr. Sansom's special facility is his power to suggest, in terms of irony that does not disallow enchantment, the dual life of fact and imagination.

The loving eye is not only Matthew Ligne's but also Mr. Sansom's. Only a writer with a loving eye could spin out this slow-motion narrative, keeping it alive and nervous to the end. In subject there is no more here than in some of his short stories. One of them, "The Girl on the Bus," is quite this same tale—of the man who sees the girl, who unknown to her suffers infatuation, who alternates between distress and elation, and who at last finds her undiminished by actuality. That short story, moving through Sweden and Denmark to England, has an elaborate background.

In Mr. Sansom's new novel the loving eye is turned inward to complex and contradictory feelings; the narrative lingers over states of mind—ennui, curiosity, expectancy, misgiving, wonder, and delight. When the view turns outward Mr. Sansom likes particularly the end of day—the wild sad splendor of the London sunset, the dusky streets, the fading of traffic and the quickening of life behind drawn curtains.

A word for Mr. Sansom's technique. At intervals he gives the narrative to Matthew Ligne's raffish man-servant, and the effect is mocking. That mockery makes a brittle counterpoint to the wistfulness and yearning of the middle-age daydream, which happily becomes reality.

This simple novel, light as the puffs of April wind which stir the new-leafed trees in those back gardens, looks fondly at the familiar world. The loving eye makes it all strange and new.

—Walter Bird.

William Sansom—". . . feeling for place and characters."

Departed Elegance

***"A Legacy," by Sybille Bedford** (Simon & Schuster. 311 pp. $3.50), is the story of two aristocratic families, one of birth and one of wealth, one Gentile and one Jewish, in Germany before the First World War.*

By Ben Ray Redman

SELDOM has an English novel crossed the seas so garlanded with praise by discriminating judges; seldom has praise been more justly bestowed than upon Sybille Bedford's "A Legacy."

This first novel is all that the British critics say it is—brilliant, witty, fascinating, astonishing, unconventional, unclassifiable, elegant, radiant, enchanting—but even the impressive sum of these adjectives fails to describe and define the book's character.

Perhaps one should content oneself with saying that it is very, very clever. But it makes one wish to say more. In an attempt to reduce the unfamiliar to familiar terms one might make use of a figure of speech both biologically and chronologically impossible and say that "A Legacy" is by Jane Austen out of Marcel Proust, with Ronald Firbank acting as *accoucheur*. The dry, pervasive detached, penetrating humor is reminiscent of Miss Austen's; the milieu, in which two aristocracies meet and wed, the one of birth, the other of wealth, one Gentile and one Jewish, is a milieu in which Proust would feel at home; the conversations, casual, slipping, sliding, elliptical, sly and al-

Surmise

By John Moffitt

HEAVEN is out of hearing.
But God conceivably
Could find it rather wearing
To pass eternity
Listening to lean angels
Clad in organdie,
Nimbuses and bangles
Echoing Emily.

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lusive, are Firbankian. But the synthesis is Mrs. Bedford's own.

The central setting of the story is the Germany of Bismarck and William II, and the author's re-creation of this place and this time is an imaginative triumph. How close the image is to the reality only a historian can say—and he could well be wrong. The point is that Mrs. Bedford makes us believe that she knows the Germany of her period through and through. She makes us believe in the Feldens of Baden, whose barony was conferred upon them by Ottomark the Bear, and who have not thought of money for centuries; she makes us believe in the Merzes, Jewish plutocrats, "direct and not remote descendants of Henrietta Merz, the friend of Goethe and of Mirabeau, Schleiermacher and the Humboldts, the woman who barely out of the ghetto set up a salon where she received the translators of Shakespeare with advice and the King of Prussia with reserve." She makes us believe in the union of these two families, a union that survives the death of Melanie Merz and Jules von Felden's second marriage. She makes us see and feel and know the way these people lived, with all their conventions, charms, and sins upon them. If she errs historically, she gives her apology and explanation when she has her narrator write:

> My knowledge of the institutions, government, and temper of the Kaiser's Germany is sketchy, conventional, and instinctive, full, no doubt, of inaccuracies and gaps; it is also retrospective and so indelible as to be almost impervious to subsequent correction. It is lurid knowledge, of the kind one might acquire of a house through which one has made one's way with a candle in one's hand.

But, as she makes her way, she never lets the reader's attention lag for a moment, and at every moment she repays his attention.

"A Legacy" belongs to a rare kind of fiction—social comedy at a high level, streaked with the tragedy without which true comedy is impossible. But the fairest final verdict is, probably, very, very clever.

CLIFF CLIMBERS: The guns in the title of Alistair MacLean's novel **"The Guns of Navarone"** (Doubleday, $3.95) are part of the German defenses on an eastern Mediterranean island that guards a

(*Continued on page* 33)

A Visit With Sybille Bedford

NO, SYBILLE BEDFORD is not difficult, although a combination of respect for her writing and the troubles we both had arranging for a talk had made me (almost) fear so. She believes in reticence about herself, that it is what and how she writes that counts, that too personal revelations are an improper invasion of private life. But she will and does talk—naturally, in a pleasantly low voice; her hands and her dark blue eyes punctuate what she says as much as her voice. When I see her she has just come a long way to Paris and is a little tired; still she is as alert and intelligent as one would expect from reading her books.

If Mrs. Bedford has any vanities, they do not show. With proper candor she confesses that she likes "A Legacy" and her earlier book about Mexico, "The Sudden View," but she doubts that either is as good as she hopes it is. "A Legacy," despite what those who cannot believe fiction is fictional may say, is not autobiographical. Of course to write it as well as she has, it was necessary to know intimately Berlin, France, Spain, England, and she has known people quite as out of the ordinary as those that appear in her novel (not the same ones, however).

Sybille Bedford is very familiar with the world two world wars abolished: the pre-1914 world of peace and huge meals, of only nominal frontiers, of leisure, and of travel when and where you willed. In this world she lived very briefly herself but books and friends and ancestors have left her a legacy of felt knowledge that enables her to make us live in and through a gone era that contained (as she shows) the seeds of its own dissolution.

Sybille Bedford is intelligently discriminating in her interest in her British contemporaries: Evelyn Waugh, Graham Greene, Ivy Compton-Burnett, C. P. Snow, Henry Green, the too underrated James Hanley, Elizabeth Bowen, Aldous Huxley, many others the flow of talk did not include, she likes. Many American writers she likes too, especially Hemingway in "Farewell to Arms" and in the short stories. She acknowledges indebtedness to all of these good writers but, as her own work makes clear, she has assimilated her ancestors and is unlike any of them.

Her own first novel—which she and I both trust will lead to even better books—is, she hopes and I maintain, not just a novel about eccentric Catholics and Jews who lived when the going was good. Though she portrays an era that is not any longer, she does not intend "A Legacy" to be a novel in fancy dress that speaks only to those who prefer escape to present reality. Like Briffault's "Europa" and Isherwood's stories about Berlin, "A Legacy" is supposed to vivify the presentness of the past by the presentation of good-and-bad characters involved in situations that have occurred and still do (whatever the superficial differences may be). Like Ivy Compton-Burnett, whom she admires as much as any living writer, she tries to present people she likes as they are, without the sentimentalization one discovers too often in historical novels.

As I walked home to my hotel I thought how good it is that Sybille Bedford is being published in the United States with appropriate publicity. How few good novelists are both praised by the few and made known to the many! Mrs. Bedford, both because of her own qualities and the intelligence of her publishers, should become one of those rare novelists who sell well and are appreciated also by the discriminating.

I like Sybille Bedford, but even more I like her books. No one else has seen Mexico more clearly than she has in "The Sudden View"; no one, as British critics attest with near unanimity, has written better of the legacy the world before 1914 has fortunately or unfortunately bequeathed to us. Sybille Bedford's books (published and to come) cannot change either the world or the human condition. Nevertheless, they should and will persist both because they show us how things happened and because, in quiet voice and with subtle indirection, they suggest a better way.

—HARVEY CURTIS WEBSTER.

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—From the book.

William Penn—". . . not a plaster saint or a baffling bundle of contrarieties."

Our Greatest Colonial Father

"William Penn," by Catherine Owens Peare *(Lippincott. 448 pp. $6), is a new biography of one of the least understood of America's Founding Fathers. Frederick B. Tolles, professor of Quaker history at Swarthmore College, reviews it here.*

By Frederick B. Tolles

PERCHED uncomfortably atop Philadelphia's pseudo-Renaissance City Hall stands a colossal bronze figure supposed to represent William Penn. His head sometimes lost in the low-lying clouds, his twenty-six-ton body clothed in un-Quakerly court dress, his feet, as it were, spurning the skulduggery that has too often gone on directly below him, he seems somehow unreal, unworldly, irrelevant. Of all our Founding Fathers, Penn is the least known to us. And yet, take him all in all, was he not the greatest of our colonial founders, the one who spoke and acted most forthrightly for the values we cherish —the values of fraternal equality, of political, civil, and religious liberty?

It is not hard to understand why he seems so indistinct, so remote, so unrelated to American life. He spent less than four years on this side of the Atlantic. And Pennsylvania, for some reason, has been less successful, or less interested, than, say, Massachusetts or Virginia in projecting her Founding-Father image on the national consciousness. Moreover, the legend-makers have confused us by presenting too many incompatible Penns—Voltaire's wise law-giving Lycurgus, Parson Weem's pious Puritan moralist (the diligent Parson turned his mythopoeic hand to Penn shortly after he had enriched our folklore with Washington's immortal cherry tree), Macaulay's corrupt and shifty courtier, the benevolent White Father of Benjamin West's famous painting of "Penn's Treaty with the Indians," the harassed and petulant feudal proprietor found in the pages of recent historians. It is the achievement of Catherine Peare's new biography to have given us not a plaster saint or a baffling bundle of contrarieties but a recognizable, understandable man—a human Penn at last.

HER book is based, one would say, on wider (though not necessarily deeper) research than any of the twenty or more biographies that have preceded it. From her wealth of documentation she materializes a man who seems alive and credible at every point of his multifarious and fascinating career—the young son of Admiral Penn who almost breaks his father's heart by being sent down from Oxford for non-conformity and then compounds the offense by turning Quaker; the willing martyr who gladly accepts repeated imprisonment for conscience' sake; the resourceful controversialist ready to defend Quakerism and the liberty of the freeborn Englishman against all comers; the tireless itinerant preacher "publishing Truth" throughout England and the Rhine Valley; the practical politician electioneering for his friend Algernon Sidney; the colonial proprietor, real-estate promoter, and governor coping with the problems of a frontier province in America; the Quaker courtier playing his ambiguous role at James II's Catholic court. She is at her happiest perhaps when she is writing of the domestic Penn—the young lover and husband with his Gulielma; the middle-aged suitor importuning Hannah Callowhill to become his second wife; the father of two broods of children, destined to see half of them die in childhood and his eldest surviving son become a tavern-haunting wastrel. (Somehow it helps to know from his letters to Hannah that he wore calico drawers, that he grew self-conscious at fifty about his "middle-aged spread.") It is a sympathetic portrait that Miss Peare limns for us; only occasionally does she lay on an unflattering stroke, as when she cites Gilbert Burnet's impression that Penn was "a talking vain man" with "a tedious luscious way" in conversation. But if human sympathy is a failing in a biographer, it is an amiable failing.

She is less successful when she comes to Penn as a religious leader, a statesman, a writer and man of ideas. Penn the Quaker will still have to be weighed and measured by someone thoroughly conversant with seventeenth-century religious thought. She slides rather casually over some bothersome problems in Penn's political career: his support, for instance, of James II's Declaration of Indulgence, whose blatant unconstitutionality she passes over with the comment that "it was not a law properly processed through Parliament," or his relationship to the Pennsylvania Charter of Privileges, the radical new constitution that was more or less forced on him in 1701. She is perhaps least satisfactory in dealing with Penn's intellectual and literary achievements. She conscientiously catalogues his voluminous writings and observes that he was "a tremendous scholar," but there is little exploration of his writings, little attempt to identify and describe the extraordinary qualities of mind that made him the intellectual peer of John Locke and Sir William Petty, to analyze and appreciate the literary skill that produced "Some Fruits of Solitude."

Still, Catherine Peare has succeeded at precisely the point where all her predecessors have failed. She has toppled the oversize bronze statue from its perch and given us in its place a man of flesh and blood.

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Penn's Right-Hand Man

"James Logan and the Culture of Provincial America," by Frederick B. Tolles *(Little, Brown. 228 pp. $3.50), is a biography of William Penn's chief assistant. Our reviewer, Elizabeth Gray Vining, has written a number of books on the colonial period.*

By Elizabeth Gray Vining

THE story of James Logan is one of America's earliest success stories. Coming to Philadelphia in 1699 at the age of twenty-five as a mere secretary to William Penn, he was by the time of his death fifty-two years later one of the "three or four most considerable men in colonial America," rich, learned, powerful, and respected, if not universally loved. It is also the history of Philadelphia, which grew during the same period, and in some measure as a result of Logan's untiring activities, from a neat, bustling town of a thousand houses to the political and intellectual capital of an independent nation. Frederick B. Tolles has told this story in "James Logan and the Culture of Provincial America," the first substantial biography ever published of this curiously neglected figure.

To distinguished scholarship Mr. Tolles adds the understanding of Quakerism which comes from membership in the Society of Friends and years of work with its history. He brings also to the work a gift of cool and penetrating appraisal and a clear, vivid style lightened by occasional quiet humor.

James Logan was not a consistent Friend, though he was to the end of his life a member of the meeting. He was more than once disciplined by it: for evicting a squatter by force and for his part in a contest over a girl, the details of which were discreetly expunged from the meeting's records. He was frequently in conflict with Friends—and this not to his discredit—through his loyalty to Penn and his sons.

As agent of the proprietors, clerk of the council, and commissioner of property, he was caught in the crossfire between royal officials intent on tightening their control, Penn's own deputy governors seeking independent power, and the free men of the province demanding more freedom and more land.

Devoted as he was to Penn, he was never fired by his vision of the Holy Experiment, a government based on freedom and peace and total unilateral disarmament. He was moreover caught in the acute practical difficulties posed by threat of foreign aggression—in two wars hostile fleets were in American waters—and the demands of the Crown and other colonies that Pennsylvania defend itself, but the compromise he worked out sufficed until the Quakers, facing the issue squarely in 1756, withdrew from participation in government and the Holy Experiment came to an end.

IT was in his contacts with the Indians, as the manager of Pennsylvania's Indian relations, that he followed most closely, and with marked success, the ideals and methods of Penn: patience, respect, and friendly negotiation. His farsightedness and his statesmanlike vision made him aware of the threat to all the colonies posed by Indians at their back who were inflamed by the French and Spanish. He managed over a period of nearly fifty years to keep peace between the Pennsylvania Indians and the steadily encroaching settlers. The only blot on his record was the part he took in the notorious Walking Purchase, in which he helped Penn's son Thomas to swindle some Indians out of thousands of acres of land.

—*From the book.*

James Logan—". . . early success story."

In his later years Logan retired to Stenton, the handsome brick mansion five miles from Philadelphia which he liked to call his "Sabine Farm," and there devoted himself to his family, his studies, the acquisition of one of the four or five great colonial libraries and the only one still intact, his experiments on the fertilization of corn, which made him known to scientists throughout Europe, his encouragement of young scientists, and his interest in such institutions as the Library Company and the College of Philadelphia, later to become the University of Pennsylvania.

This book lives up to the goal of the Library of American Biography of which it is a part: in a short space (a little over two hundred pages) it presents a comprehensive account of the interaction between a man almost unknown to the average reader and a period of Philadelphia history in some measure understandable only through the problems and struggles of this man.

Where so much is given it is perhaps ungrateful to ask for more, but one would like the man to be a little more nearly complete. One would like to know more about his personal life and especially about his relationship with his son William, who *was* a consistent Friend and who remained loyal to the Holy Experiment.

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IDEAS AND MEN

Beyond the Freudians

***"The Death and Rebirth of Psychology," by Ira Progoff** (Julian Press. 275 pp. $4), shows how the conception of man with which Freud, Jung, Adler, and Rank started out in their investigations ended up as something quite different. Ashley Montagu, author of "On Being Human" and "On Being Intelligent," is our reviewer.*

By Ashley Montagu

THE four most important contributors to depth psychology during the first half of the twentieth century were Sigmund Freud, Carl Jung, Alfred Adler, and Otto Rank. At one time they were all friends and associates, but it is a mistake to think (as is so often done) that Jung and Adler (and possibly Rank), though members of Freud's circle, were ever wholehearted subscribers to the Freudian doctrine. Freud, like the cyclopean father he portrayed in "Totem and Tabu" (a projection of himself), gradually caused these members of his analytic family to break away from him, and in time he disowned them. Each man became the founder of his own school of depth psychology. There is a tendency to believe that these schools are opposed to each other. Ira Progoff shows in his new book "The Death and Rebirth of Psychology" that they complement one another.

One of the great merits of his book is its recognition of the importance of knowing something about the history and personality of the proponents of each of these schools. Freud's own psychological history is to a large extent embodied in the theory *and* technique of psychoanalysis. It is too often unremembered that the foundations of psychoanalysis were to a large extent erected upon the discoveries which Freud made as a result of his own self-analysis. But even in this book the psychological history of the four principal characters is dealt with all too briefly. Men see the world according to the kingdom that is within them, and depth psychologists do not appear to be exceptions to this rule.

But in the present volume, Dr. Progoff's main purpose is to show that the original conception of man with which, in each case, Freud, Jung, Adler, and Rank started out, ended up as being something very different. Dr. Progoff sensitively traces the gradual attrition and transformation of the earlier body of depth psychology and the emergence of the new; hence the title of his book. The emergence of the new depth psychology is not a matter of explicit statement to be found in any of the writings of the four men who constitute the four pillars of modern depth psychology, but it becomes evident only as a result of the integrative evaluation of their matured and reconsidered views. When the works of these four men are studied together as part of the growth of depth psychology as a whole, a regulative pattern of development and finally of transformation is revealed. It is the demonstration of this development and transformation that Dr. Progoff achieves with notable clarity and conviction.

In his earlier book "Jung's Psychology and Its Social Meaning" Dr. Progoff established himself as a fine critic, a gifted expositor, and a reliable guide. The present volume will not only serve to enhance his reputation in these respects, but will cause all who read "The Death and Rebirth of Psychology" to celebrate the arrival of a powerfully original synthesist and interpreter in the difficult and tortuous labyrinths of depth psychology.

What Dr. Progoff has done in the present volume represents a creative achievement of great importance. It is no less than the synthesis and unification of the central concepts in the seemingly diverse systems of Freud, Jung, Adler, and Rank. This the author achieves by a sort of point-counterpoint of analysis of these concepts in relation to each other. In other words, Dr. Progoff relates and ties together what for the most part up to now has remained unrelated as distinct concepts associated with particular systems of depth psychology. This is a task that has long been overdue.

There can be little doubt that the magnitude of the task has appeared so forbidding, and the requisite temperament, skill, and knowledge necessary for its successful prosecution so rare that it has frightened most contemplators of it away. It is therefore a matter for congratulation that the task has fallen into such competent hands, for out of Dr. Progoff's synthesis there emerges a new conception of the nature of man and of the purposes of depth psychology in relation to it.

That conception, in contrast to Freud's, is an optimistic one, and in keeping with the views of Jung, Adler, and Rank, looks forward to a psychology beyond psychology which

—From the jacket of "The Death and Rebirth of Psychology."

Freud, Rank, Adler, and Jung—". . . each . . . the founder of his own school."

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may permit the reestablishment of man's connection to life through the release of his creative energies; this may, among other things, serve to strengthen and sustain man's creative will. Toward this end Dr. Progoff has made a major contribution in this highly significant book.

THE NATURE OF LOVE: The love of brother for brother is love for an equal. The love of mother for child is love for the helpless. Both have this in common, that they are universal; a brother is all brothers, a child all children. Erotic love on the contrary is restrictive and exclusive, and not universal. Or so it seems to Erich Fromm who, in **"The Art of Loving"** (Harper, $2.75) attempts to analyze a sentiment and a practice which lie at the very center of human life.

Most of us, according to this distinguished social psychologist, tend to see the problem of love in our own lives as the problem of being loved, of attracting love, of making ourselves worthy of love. It is the author's thesis in this book that the problem is rather the reverse. We need to give love as an affirmation of our own, to apply knowledge and effort to its exercise, to earn and deserve it. A proper solution to the problem involves an emphasis upon a faculty or function, not upon an object, a denial of the market and exchange emphasis too often encouraged by our contemporary culture, and a recognition of the fact that being in love and falling in love are two entirely different things. Loving, in short, is an art which can and must be cultivated. In pursuit of this goal Mr. Fromm devotes a number of chapters to the theory of love and one to its practice.

Erich Fromm's words are learned, sensible, and wise, and his theses on a difficult subject merit profound reflection. —ROBERT BIERSTEDT.

QUEST FOR A FAITH: It has been remarked often that the firm faith of long ago has been dissipated in the minds of many modern men by science, or rather by changes in scientific and sociological ideas. Richard Gregg, one of the questing spirits of our time, recognizes "the infinite and insistent hunger for understanding, for a meaning in and to [one's] life, a faith by which [one] may live" which so many seek today. In **"The Self Beyond Yourself"** (Lippincott, $3.75), he tries to find a pattern of meaning—an arrangement of insights related to modern thought. His book is, in one sense, an exercise in logic—concise and tightly reasoned—coldly logical though it deals with the warmest of feelings. He begins by pointing out that there are certain assumptions which every human being makes regarding a first choice—absolute assumptions in many instances, which must be arrived at intuitively. In searching for the most fruitful way of looking at the world, he arrives at dualism—that in all cultures and even in modern physics, the concept of opposites is present. If all of self is a cluster of opposites, then, he says, "The only way out is through transcending opposites." It is through transcending the nature of self, through the abandonment of self, that one achieves eternity here and now. Theology alone cannot do the trick. Nor can science by itself. Out of theology comes dogma. When dogmas differ among sects, there is inevitably trouble, however unnecessary it truly should be.

Unfortunately, we live at odds with our assumptions and beliefs. We exalt the simple, and seek the complex. We preach charity and engage in vicious competition. We maintain that killing is wrong and go to war. It is these inconsistencies which bring about the frequently observed tensions of life. The way to start solving this, Mr. Gregg asserts, is through personal individual meditation. He suggests concrete ways of doing this.

How many of us have in ourselves a spark divine enough to accept the solution, it is hard to say. Science's present distance from the contemplative spirit seems great. Current orthodoxies recognize the historic rule of meditation but seem to relate it more to prayer than to what he means. In any event, his thesis should be examined and tested. Without question it is the product of a man who has thought deeply, experienced widely, and come up with high principles that are of the spirit, of the heart, and of the mind. —WILLIAM S. LYNCH.

SCIENCE AND HUMAN BEHAVIOR: Why is it that we know so much more about the inside of a distant star than we do about the inside of a man's head? Why can we predict the behavior of a physical object with so much greater facility than we can the conduct of a human being? These are only two of the problems which Fred Hoyle attacks in **"Man and Materialism"** (Harper, $2.75).

Mr. Hoyle, a Cambridge University mathematician and astronomer, claims to be a materialist, and is properly distressed by the connotation of this term in the public mind. He means by it a rejection of the common tendency to see in man and his world two separate orders of being, one spiritual and the other material. In his view there is only one order of being because man and star are both manifestations of the same kind of laws and the same kind of structure. If human behavior seems more complicated the answer is to be found in the fact that it "is controlled by an interlocking system of nonlinear feedback loops." This answer is not really so esoteric as it sounds. But on the other hand the author's somewhat random and superficial discussion, together with a final appeal to a mystical entity which he calls "The Thing" (which resembles nothing quite so much as Durkheim's "collective conscience"), exhibits an innocence of the sociological literature on this point and in addition does something of a disservice to materialism. The fourteen brief chapters merit attention nevertheless, as does the dinner conversation of an intelligent and erudite guest. —R. B.

TWENTY PHILOSOPHIES: Whit Burnett, an old hand at anthologies, collects in **"This Is My Philosophy"** (Harper, $4.95) a number of essays ostensibly directed to the meaning of life and written by twenty men who have little in common except their eminence in contemporary thought. These men, in the order of their appearance, are Bertrand Russell, Lewis Mumford, J. B. S. Haldane, Albert Schweitzer, Aldous Huxley, G. M. Trevelyan, J. Robert Oppenheimer, Carl Gustav Jung, Frank Lloyd Wright, Pitirim A. Sorokin, Karl Jaspers, Werner Heisenberg, Jean-Paul Sartre, Ignazio Silone, Jacques Maritain, Reinhold Niebuhr, William Ernest Hocking, Gabriel Marcel, Salvador de Madariaga, and Sarvepalli Radhakrishnan. They represent different nationalities and intellectual traditions.

As interesting and as stimulating as these selections are (most of them were chosen by the writers themselves), they do not add up to an entirely successful book. Not all concern "the meaning of life." Though "philosophy" is a generous rubric, a book on the subject should perhaps conform to a more rigorous canon of coherence than is evident here.

—R. B.

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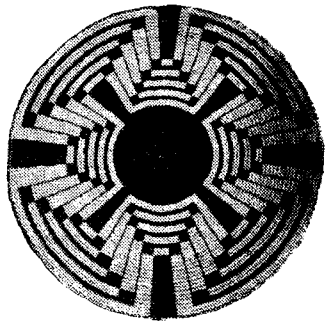

The American Indian

Two New Books Report His Heritage in Picture and Text

OLIVER LA FARGE'S new book **"A Pictorial History of the American Indian"** (Crown, $7.50) is just what its title indicates; with 120,000 words of simply written text and 350 illustrations which include sixteen color plates, it tells the story of the Red Race within the present boundaries of the United States. The volume invites comparison with another recent publication, James Oliver La Gorce and Matthew W. Sterling's **"Indians of the Americas"** (National Geographic Society, $7.50), a record compiled from the work of various authorities, with color reproductions of 149 paintings, 113 color photographs, and 130 black-and-white photographs. Besides the United States Indians it includes the Aztecs of Mexico, the Mayas of Yucatan, and the Incas of the Andes. The National Geographic Society volume is to be welcomed for its large scope and imaginative reconstruction of prehistoric life provided by its provocative color paintings; Mr. La Farge's book for its realistic, factual details of the historic period.

In the La Farge volume the illustrations range from John White's pictures of Indians in Virginia in the sixteenth century to the latest photographs of the Navajos in the mid-twentieth. The accompanying text, written for the least informed reader, is equally factual and realistic. "Most Americans think of the Indians as a race of men all alike," states Mr. La Farge. "As a matter of fact, the people of the Southwest and of the Southeast were about as different as Englishmen and Arabs."

Then in successive chapters he gives an excellent account of the differing tribes in various sections of the United States. There are some interesting sidelights on the tortures practiced by the Southeastern Indians and the Iroquois. This is contrasted with the Plains custom of counting coup by touching the enemy with bare hands. Distinctly valuable to the casual reader are simple accounts of the meaning of the totem pole, the potlatch, wampum, and war-bonnets, and the present status of the Indian, economically and politically.

The book is, in a sense, a realistic photograph, in tonal black and white. But like all photographs, it fails to evoke the uniquely distinctive spirit of a people as it has been so eloquently voiced by "Black Elk Speaks," and other inspiring records of the Indians themselves: the mysterious motivation of a new race of people on a new continent with a new rhythm of its own, which manifested itself in some of the greatest architecture, songs, poetry, and abstract art and esoteric religious ceremonialism the world has produced—a motivation which, despite tribal differences, bound the people into the solidarity of a racial whole the length of all the Americas.

If we grant the Mongolian origin and Bering Strait crossing of the race to America, must we conclude that the people migrated all the way south to populate Central and South America? What was the meaning of the great mound-pyramids with their summit temples in the United States, and how did they relate to those in Mexico and Yucatan which they closely resembled? Few people doubt that America was known to Europeans several centuries before Columbus arrived. What connection is there between these early Dane, Norwegian, Irish, or Welsh arrivals and the mythical, fair-skinned Kukulcan of the Mayas and Quetzalcoatl of the Aztecs or Toltecs? Is there any common basis for the similarity of the pre-Celtic and pre-Columbian American serpent cults?

This is the texture of the mystery that still hangs over the origin, early life, and meaning of the world's distinctive Red Race. There is no light on it in either the La Farge or the La Gorce-Sterling volumes. The answers remain to be discovered by research in new sources.

With all of Mr. La Farge's great attainments and knowledge, it is to be hoped that sometime he will aid in showing us the other side of the familiar image stamped on our buffalo nickel and Indian penny.—FRANK WATERS.

Mr. Waters is the author of "The Masked Gods," "The Colorado," and other studies of the Far West.

—From "A Pictorial History of the American Indian."

War Eagle, a Yankton Sioux in full regalia.

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Ten Years of UNESCO

EDITOR'S NOTE: *This week's guest editorial is by James Marshall, lawyer and author, lecturer in public administration at NYU, and trustee of the Institute for International Education.*

RECENTLY in New Delhi there was held the Ninth General Conference of UNESCO. Ten years have passed since the First General Conference was held in Paris. It is appropriate today to see where we have gone in that period. I say "we" because since the beginning we have all been a part of UNESCO, all of us who have been interested in the fields of education, science, and culture. I say we, too, because the United States is one of the seventy-seven member nations of that body. UNESCO, therefore, more than any other agency of the United Nations, is our world.

The Ninth Session met in a time of high political tension. England, France, and Israel had invaded Egypt. The Soviet Union had put the weight of its might against the liberalization of the regime in Hungary. At the Executive Board meeting before the conference opened, Greece had already raised the political problem of British interference with education in Cyprus. In opening the conference itself Maulana Abul Kalam Azad, the Indian Minister of Education and chairman of the conference, too ill to read his own speech, presented a paper some fifty minutes in length castigating the invasion of Egypt as a new form of colonialism. He appealed to the passions of Asia and Africa by playing on this theme and roused the passions of the West by omitting any mention of the Soviet imperialism in Hungary.

Prime Minister Nehru in addressing the conference righted the balance by condemning Russia as well as the invaders of Egypt. This was before Krishna Menon at the Council meeting of the United Nations had voted against United Nations intervention and supervision of a free Hungarian election. After that Nehru supported Menon and became for a time apologetic for the Russians. (I do not believe that this was due to any sympathy with Soviet action in Hungary, but because U.N. supervision of Hungarian elections might have induced someone to call India's bluff on the long-promised plebiscite in Kashmir.)

EGYPT of course bitterly denounced England and France but, interestingly, omitted mention of Israel. In asking for condemnation of aggression in the Middle East (called West Asia by the Asians) the Egyptian delegate appealed for the separation of the problem from that of Hungary. Other nations of the East followed a similar line, some also addressing themselves to the business of UNESCO. The United States position endorsed the program of UNESCO and the administration of the Director General (the first time this country had done so since the election of the former Librarian of Congress, Luther Evans, over the dead body of the State Department). The United States also tried to convince the other nations represented that the issue between the United States and the West on the one hand and the Communists on the other was not an ideological conflict between capitalism and Communism but that the issue was between freedom and the denial of freedom.

The representatives of the Soviet Union did some needling of the Western nations but on the whole they were moderate. England, France, and the non-Asiatic members of the British Commonwealth were also restrained. It was as though they and the Russians felt uncertain of their positions before the bar of world intellectual opinion. While none ate crow, they tended to eat humble pie.

The main business of the conference involved the ongoing program and approval of three major projects: the establishment of a center in Latin America for the development of elementary school programs and teacher training; the study of arid regions; and the exchange of works of art and other cultural expressions between the East and the West (on which Kenneth Clarke of the U.K. made a very scholarly address).

When it came to the budget, the smaller and Eastern nations voted to up it one million dollars over the objections of the nations of the West, which make the greatest contribution. This was a million dollars more than the Director General had asked, though it is probable that he might have asked for more if he had had a green light from the Executive Board in advance. The Soviet representative, not having timely instructions from Moscow, missed a trick of demagoguery by abstaining rather than voting in favor of the resolution. It is questionable whether without more notice the administration of UNESCO can find the proper personnel in time to spend this additional money.

On the whole the conference was businesslike and uninspired. One gained the impression that UNESCO itself had settled down to being a businesslike and uninspired undertaking. The lift and enthusiasm of the First General Conference ten years ago—and even more so of the conference in London in 1945 which drafted the UNESCO Constitution—were quite lacking. The beautiful, promising child had grown up to be not so beautiful or promising but definitely useful. This utility may not be apparent in the United States, but it is to those who have seen UNESCO pilot projects in Southeast Asia, Egypt, and Latin America or talked with people from those nations who have had contact with such projects.

One would like to live again in the glow of the great, spiritual values of the addresses made at the first

(*Continued on page* 32)

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

GREEK IDEAL

APPARENTLY MR. CIARDI did not like "The Unicorn and Other Poems," by Anne Morrow Lindbergh (*SR* Jan. 12). I would like to recommend to Mr. Ciardi a paragraph from the lead article in the same issue, "The Greek Freedom," by Edith Hamilton.

> Arrogance, insolent self-assertion, was of all qualities most detested by the Greeks. *Sophrosune* was the exact opposite. That was the Greek ideal and the result was their freedom.

FORREST A. BOGAN.

Hamden, Conn.

NO GENTLEMAN?

DIDN'T THE FOLKS at Harvard ever teach Mr. Ciardi that one may chide a lady but no gentleman ever slaps her in the face?

EDWIN L. POOR.

Saratoga, Calif.

NOT LEGITIMATE

I KNOW NOTHING OF Mr. Ciardi or the repressions that have soured him. I can only say that the grossly insulting language he used in his comments on Mrs. Lindbergh's recent volume is offensive. I cannot imagine them as legitimate criticism.

V. A. ROBERTSON.

San Diego, Calif.

BEATEN CIARDI

I, UNLIKE MR. CIARDI, can either take Anne Lindbergh's poetry or leave it alone. He can do neither. I think the clue to what is chewing on Mr. Ciardi is given at the outset, where he mentions her personal distinction and popularity and the good sales that attended her other volumes of verse. To Mr. Ciardi this is not to be endured. He reminds me of a beaten fighter who in desperation starts fouling his successful adversary.

ALBERT R. MARTIN.

St. Joseph, Mich.

BLUE-PENCILLING BUTCHER

MAY ONE COMPLIMENT Professor Ciardi on his flair for destructive criticism. Using bluntness with the verve of a butcher he blue-pencils her work as if it were but the schoolboys' theses he is so used to reducing.

CHARLOTTE LOUISE GROOM.

Cincinnati, O.

NEW START

WHY DON'T YOU find a new poetry editor?

MARGARET G. CAREY.

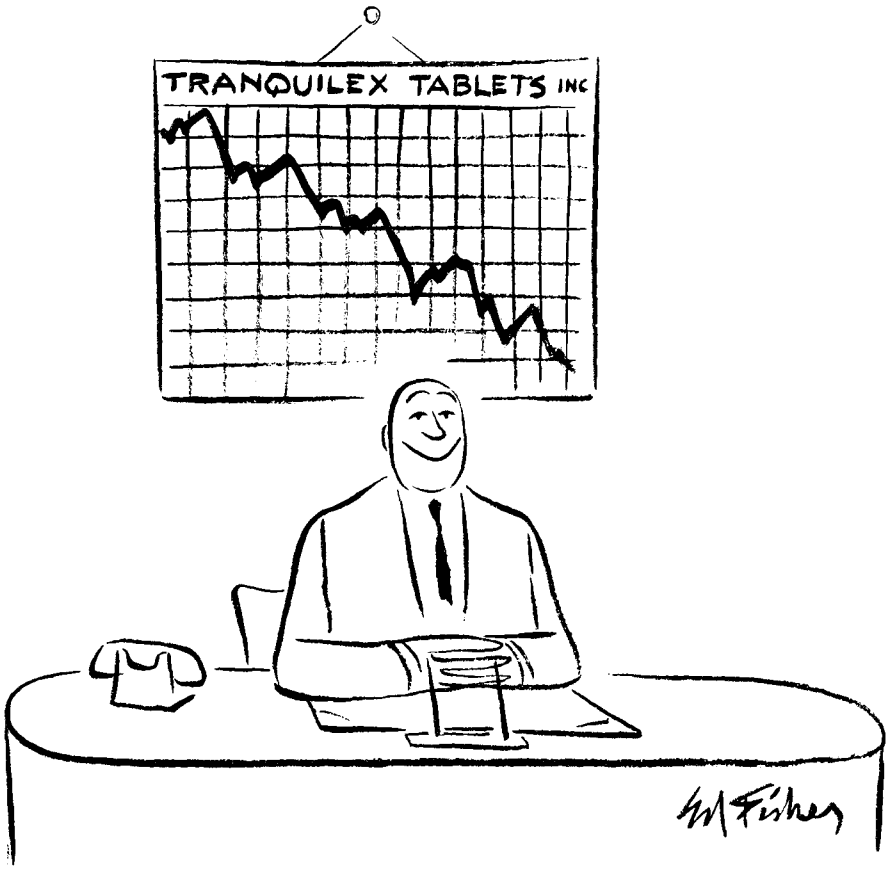
Minneapolis, Minn.

UNINTERESTING TRASH

PERHAPS YOUR READERS would have found Mr. Ciardi's remarks more enlightening had they not suffered through the idiotic verse in *SR* these past months. How is it possible for him to set himself up as such an authority, when at the same time he is publishing such uninteresting trash?

MRS. M. H. PERRY.

Pomona, Calif.



SNAKES FOR JOHN

I SHALL WATCH *SR* for a poem by Mr. Ciardi, and if he doesn't make his ideas walk like good tin soldiers (with their *vizors down*) he'll come a cropper. And God spare him if he should ever step on a snake! In all fairness, it should leap to his masculine chest and pierce him to the heart.

MARIE J. HOLT.

Newport, R. I.

WRONG TARGET

IF MR. CIARDI CRAVES clarity of thought and meaningful use of words and punctuation marks, he should not waste his time on Mrs. Lindbergh, who is surely a minor offender, if one at all. Let him address his demands to E. E. Cummings, T. S. Eliot, and their tribe.

NEWELL H. DAILEY.

Pella, Ia.

AML NO FRESHMAN

READERS OF *SR* EXPECT more of Mr. Ciardi's talents than his reminder to the poetess "that freshman English students are required to take remedial courses when they persist in such illiteracies." I remind Mr. Ciardi that, in Mrs. Lindbergh, he's dealing not with a college freshman, but with a distinguished woman. She has a right to expect distinguished, non-freshman criticism.

ED WATERS.

Los Angeles, Calif.

A PURCHASER

WHILE MR. CIARDI ALIGNS his marks of punctuation and his exact words, I'll purchase a copy of "The Unicorn and Other Poems" and read it, content in the knowledge that a critic's opinion is not necessarily better than mine.

ELIZABETH L. DERR.

Mt. Vision, N. Y.

RATHER PROPER

I HAVE JUST FINISHED the review of Mrs. Lindbergh's book:

> From Mr. Ciardi's words, I gather
> He'd other things be reading, rather.

Please note proper placing of commas.

JO HEMPHILL.

Washington, D. C.

TO MRS. LINDBERGH

> We were not there to see, yet know,
> your tears . . .

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The earnest men are gone and only
hardy
Scalpels like acute Ciardi
Remain?: You've loved a world that,
graceless, jeers?
We fools, who broke our skulls on
plexiglass
Because your image of a man looked
high,
Weep in the wings for you and watch
you fly
Through freedom from the brutish
pedant-class
Mismated metaphors grow much
more serious
In the grim gaze of the Categorical
Imperious;
And only time
Can force a rhyme
Of "clever lad"
And "cad" . . .
None but the grounded heart may
guess your tears.

WM. K. FIELDING.

Ware, Mass.

NO COMET

BEFORE I READ Mr. Ciardi's review of Anne Morrow Lindbergh's book of poems, I had thought it a fine and lovely thing. I still think so. He calls his review, "A Close Look at the Unicorn." He has looked too closely. He cannot see the forest for the trees.

Poetry is not a dead body to be laid upon a table for dissection. It is a liquid, living, moving thing. Mr. Ciardi wonders why there is no comma after "winter." In digging into a poem with the dissector's keen, unfeeling blade in his search for commas he failed to find the comet.

C. M. A. ROGERS.

Mobile, Ala.

SHOCK AND HORROR

MY FIRST REACTION was shock. How could any one individual be so cruel? And my second—Why should a magazine that goes to a reading group of kind people have ignored us in favor of one horrid person?

ALICE ROBINSON.

Claremont, Calif.

HOW BRUTAL?

I FIND MYSELF greatly distressed by the furious, violent, savage attack on one who essays to learn by doing. Grant that the work is amateurish and below the standards of Mr. Ciardi's excellence. But I ask, not being a critic, only a reader, must one be a brutal human being in order to be recognized as a brilliant critic—and be a poet, too?

I. S. GALINDO.

Los Angeles, Calif.

PERSONAL ANIMUS?

THIS REVIEW was unwarranted in its tone and temper. Many collections of mediocre poetry appear regularly; they are usually passed over lightly or ignored. Why Mrs. Lindbergh should be singled out for such a "production" is puzzling. It suggests personal animus, or other more obscure motives.

NAME WITHHELD.

New York, N. Y.

WHAT OF THE BOARD?

IT MAKES US realize how much we miss Amy Loveman. Such an article could never have slipped by her editorial scrutiny. I am a poet (minor) and have often appeared in your pages. I agree with much that Mr. Ciardi has to say about Mrs. Lindbergh's book—but *not* with the words he chooses to express his judgment of the "standards."

Mr. Ciardi himself is a competent poet, but his petulance and egotism unfit him for the role of critic. John Ciardi is only one individual. What of *The Saturday Review* and its distinguished editorial board?

MARY BALLARD DURYEE.

New York, N. Y.

"At last we're going to get rid of that necklace with the curse on it."

CRUEL AND CARPING

EVERY NOW AND THEN John Ciardi manages to spoil an issue of my favorite magazine. I am not a poet nor a critic. (I don't believe Mr. Ciardi is either.) I am sorry that I am not because I'd like to think my opinion matters when I say Mrs. Lindbergh's poems have beauty for me.

In all my years of reading *SR* I have never seen such cruel carping criticism of even the trashiest book. This seems even to attack Mrs. Lindbergh personally.

ELEANOR GRAY EGGEN.

St. Paul, Minn.

MY! MY!

IN THIS DEVASTATING REVIEW Mr. Ciardi says, "For a person of [Mrs. Lindbergh's] poetic pretension to misuse language itself in so slovenly a way is certainly akin to Original Sin." Twenty lines above Ciardi writes, "I must believe that the art of poetry is more important than Mrs. Lindbergh—*or than ME*." My! MY! No high-school freshman gets by with that.

MILDA W. DEFANDORF.

Milwaukee, Wis.

SMALL BOY

MR. CIARDI'S painfully silly and craftily barbed attack on Mrs. Lindbergh's "Unicorn" reminds me forcibly of the compulsion of a small boy to throw his whole stack of snowballs at the first animate object that comes into range.

DOROTHY BOICOURT.

Kansas City, Mo.

SLEDGEHAMMER

IT IS NOT necessary to use a sledgehammer to demolish a fragile shell.

E. B.

New Haven, Conn.

APOLOGIES, PLEASE

THOUGH I KNOW virtually nothing about Mrs. Lindbergh, I doubt if she feels the need of any apology from Mr. Ciardi. But he certainly owes her one—and owes one also to *SR* and its readers.

WM. D. HAMMOND.

Grosse Pointe, Mich.

REJECTED CIARDI

MR. CIARDI sounds like a rejected lover, and a very young one at that.

ELIZABETH HOWLAND.

Lafayette, Ind.

A SWITCH FOR GIRLS

I SUGGEST YOU let some other reviewer take over women poets, especially if they are successful.

NAME WITHHELD.

Saint Paul, Minn.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Crawling Between Dark and Light

THE American Shakespeare Festival Theatre and Academy's production of **"Measure for Measure,"** as staged by John Houseman and Jack Landau, was praised in these columns last summer because it solved the physical problems of a badly planned theatre and because it made a dark Shakespeare more effective by playing him as a light Shakespeare. The same production has now been brought to New York's Phoenix Theatre, but it has somewhat deteriorated. Part of the deterioration must be charged to the fact that any new approach grows less remarkable the second time around. Moreover, the integrity of the approach has been affected by one cast change. When Kent Smith played Angelo he was a stuffy Puritan; this suited the farcical tone of the evening. Against this Jonsonian characterization Nina Foch's overly chaste Isabella had sufficient superficiality and the gaiety of the evening was unsullied. Now Richard Waring plays Angelo as a profound and deeply guilt-conscious lecher, which not only does not mix well with the other performances but also exposes their inappropriate shallowness. Norman Lloyd's twenty-three-skidoo antics now emerge as manner for manner's sake. Arnold Moss's zany Duke seems shockingly disinterested in his own masquerade as a friar. And Nina Foch, except for a charmingly staged little byplay with Mariana, appears now as a performer with minor talents attempting a role of major proportions. The exciting performances in this show are Hiram Sherman's Pompey and Nancy Wickwire's Mariana. If the ASFTA is looking for an American actress to play Beatrice and Desdemona this summer, they could not do better than to use this graceful and gifted young actress.

THE revival of **"Waiting for Godot"** with an all-Negro cast contains just enough "sacrilege" to appall those for whom it is the greatest play of our times and not enough unpretentiousness for those who wish to enjoy it as one enjoyed "Cranks." Manton Moreland brings a low comic technique to Gogo and interpolates bits like "I ain't nothing but a hound dog." While he does manage to get a lot of healthy vaudeville humor into the proceedings he becomes obscure at moments, using mysterious gestures that one can only fathom as a sudden earache sharply followed by a severe toothache. Earle Hyman plays Didi as a shabby genteel, and his concern for Beckett's little puzzles increases one's interest in the two tramps. In addition, Mr. Hyman's great lyrical talent brings out the pathos and poetry in the beautiful lines near the play's end. Thus, in several respects this "Waiting for Godot," though it is less of an intellect-teaser and conversation-provoker, is really superior theatre to last season's avant-garde sensation.

"The Hidden River" is a slick magazine version of "The River Line." Adapted from Storm Jameson's novel by Ruth and Augustus Goetz, it tells the story of a family who must learn to live with the fact that one of its members was so weak that he betrayed the operator of a river line station to the Nazis. If in "The River Line" the characters appeared too little concerned about their hidden guilt, the characters in "The Hidden River" are too much wrought up. Robert Preston remains in a state of perpetual anguish. The other characters remain *in extremis* also, as the authors unmercifully jam the sprawling events of this novel into a two-hour play. Line after line is hurled out to explain not only what has happened but why it happened, what the character now feels about it, what avenues of action are open to him, and why he will choose one as opposed to another. The melodramatic events seem to reach as satisfactory a conclusion as they can at the end of Act II, but the play has the effrontery to proceed through a third act to another arbitrary and less believable ending. At this final end Lili Darvas, who plays the vengeful mother of the play's dead victim, lifts her eyes as if to ask for divine intervention. Her prayers are answered. The curtain falls.

The evening is not a complete bore, thanks to Dennis King's intelligently-drawn portrait of a man who knows himself. And here and there is a witty line, such as the one where the hostess wonders how the English can travel with a tiny suitcase and yet show up impeccably dressed for every formal occasion. Thus, one suspects that "The Hidden River" might have been better theatre if it had been designed as a bitter comedy.

OFF-BROADWAY is the place for George Bernard Shaw's **"In Good King Charles's Golden Days."** The work, written when the playwright was eighty-three, is scarcely a play at all, but rather a series of conversations between mathematician Sir Isaac Newton, Quaker George Fox, artist Godfrey Kneller, actress Nell Gwynn, the Duke of York (later James II), and of course the Merry Monarch.

Shaw uses this improbable symposium to discuss religion vs. superstition ("The man who begins by doubting the philosopher's stone . . . ends by doubting the existence of the soul"); wenching ("women themselves are worse penance than any priest dare inflict on you"); moneymaking ("the one pleasure that lasts till death"); education ("Thank your stars you are not schooled, you have nothing to unlearn"); art vs. philosophy ("Your philosophers steal all their boasted discoveries from the artists and then pretend that they have deduced them from equations"); the deliberately planned imperfection of the universe which makes men need God; religion in England ("ask an Englishman what his sect believes and he doesn't know; all he can say is that the men of all other sects should be hanged"); and corruption ("the clever rascals are all for sale, but the honest dunderheads are the very divvle"). There are a great many more Shavian remarks that make a stimulating evening for those who like to exercise their brains in the theatre. There is also a bit of marvelous spoofing, when Newton—called upon to multiply 3 x 7—must do it the hard way with logarithms. The company at the Downtown Theatre is a good overall group. Felix Deebank as King Charles, Sasha von Scherler as Nell Gwynn, Frank Schofield as Isaac Newton, and Philip Mathews as George Fox all give admirable performances. One desperately misses having a plot or the kind of vigorous passion the younger Shaw used to rise to for his pet ideas. Though the King Charles of the play was only in his fifties one feels that Shaw saw some of himself in the character. And since the epilogue finds Charles enjoying a rather plain wife as a refuge from his women, one assumes that Shaw himself was enjoying the quieter and more domestic pleasures of old age where, though he sniped at the world's peccadillos, he no longer relished doing battle against them. None earned his rest more fully than Shaw, and the miracle is that his wit still flashes so brightly in this late phase of his long career. —HENRY HEWES.

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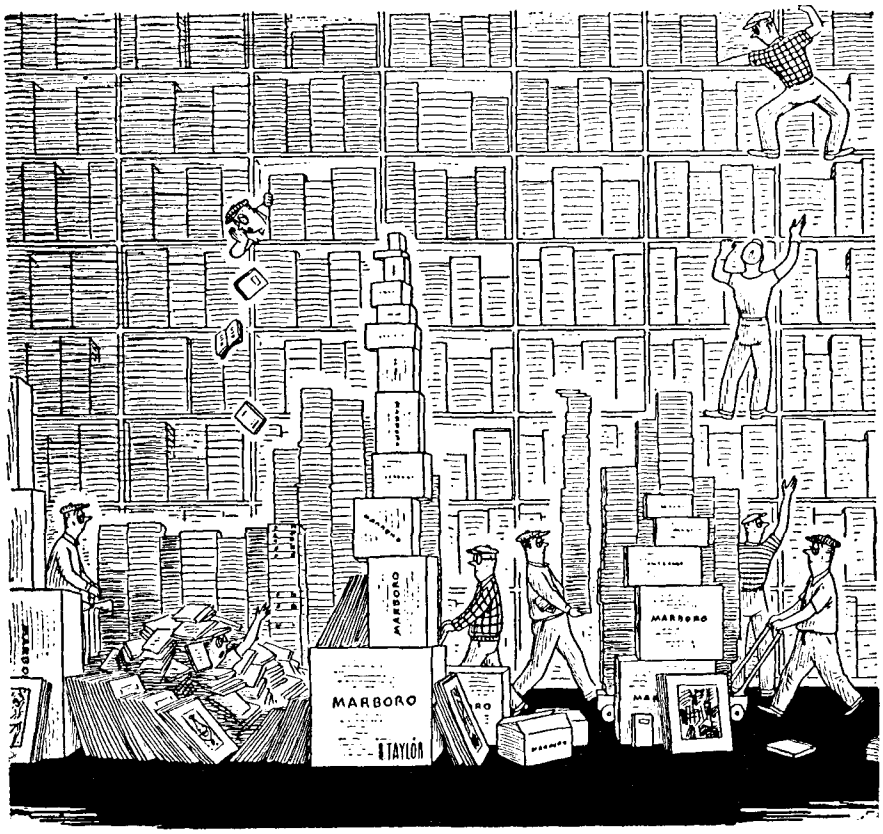

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A Knell for "Ding Dong School"

IN NOVEMBER 1956 NBC announced that "Ding Dong School," its award-winning and commercially successful five-day-a-week pre-noon program for pre-schoolagers, would go off the air at the end of the year. Letters protesting the cancellation began arriving at once, and more are coming in. An NBC press official recently gave the total mail count as 11,000. Dr. Frances Horwich, "Ding Dong School's" "Miss Frances," asserts that the correct figure is almost 85,000. NBC doesn't know the real count, Miss Frances explains, because the network counts only the letters addressed to it or its officials. The bulk of the mail goes directly to her, however, for in the friendly settlement of her contract with NBC the soft-spoken Chicago schoolmarm (who has no agent) walked away with full ownership of the program—and its mailbox.

The death of "Ding Dong School" remains a mystery. Granted that the moppets who first beamed on the show have now graduated to Fury, Lassie, or Elvis Presley, there have still been 4,200,000 new babies born into the United States's TV world last year, and Mr. Kiplinger expects the annual birth rate to climb even higher. Mothers in the 113 cities formerly reached by "Ding Dong School" still yearn for some constructive isolation of Junior while they catch up on the day's first chores. But NBC's story is that this program, which once beat Arthur Godfrey, has been steadily declining in audience. From a high of 9 its rating has dropped to a low of 2, a spokesman said. Sponsors, as a result, have been dropping the program, he added. Dr. Horwich rebuts that all shows which were on TV four years ago and are still on today have lost rating points, but that "Ding Dong School's" current rating between 4 and 7 compares favorably with the competition.

As for sponsors, Dr. Horwich says she began last year with seven. Between April and September she lost five—rather suddenly—under circumstances suggesting an odd lack of network support. "Ding Dong School" cost NBC $6,400 a week to produce—a remarkably low budget. NBC sold the program for approximately $20,000 weekly—an annual profit of better than half-a-million dollars, plus the substantial additional revenue derived from the sale of the program's time periods as well as from merchandising tie-ins and the "Ding Dong School" books.

But other factors may have been involved in DDS's destiny. Dr. Horwich has refused on a number of occasions to accept potential sponsors proposed by the NBC sales department because their products did not measure up to the public-service standards of her program. Seven hundred manufacturers have approached her with merchandising offers, but she has found only thirty acceptable—insisting that "Ding Dong School" tie-ins must be inexpensive products that children can enjoy and use again and again. Dr. Horwich was supervisor of all Children's Programs for NBC as well as the "Miss Frances" of her own show. NBC wished to retain her services in this position and proposed that she tour Europe in search of ideas for new TV programs for children. Dr. Horwich declined, preferring to take her chances with the future of "Ding Dong School." Currently negotiating with ABC Television and other outlets she reports that the prospects of her show are excellent.

THE question most often asked by critics of the NBC action in cancelling "Ding Dong School" is—why doesn't the network keep the program on the air as a public service even if it is not a big money maker? (The figures given above suggest that it is—but apparently something else in its place can make even more money.) NBC's reply is that it can't afford it. Obviously we are at a semantic impasse with that word "afford." It must make sense to NBC or they would not have parted company with their darling little "Ding Dong School," to which they once pointed with such fatherly pride. To the public the death-knell has a hollow ring. Another segment of "Home," a woman's magazine-type program, takes "Ding Dong's" place on the morning NBC schedule. This gives the networks a total of eleven women's programs each weekday. NBC hasn't one half-hour of its total day for poor little moppets. The network has not yet announced any new nursery-oriented children's programs. No wonder 85,000 souls are yearning towards Box 396, New York 19, New York, Miss Frances's address.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

This Is Whose Life?

FILM biographies, once devoted to such august national heroes as scientists, statesmen, and opera singers, have wandered increasingly afield in the past few years. There have been musicals based upon the antic doings of song-writing teams, nostalgic essays built around the lives of vaudeville performers and band leaders, and at least one fairly realistic *exposé* taken from the distressing career of a young pugilist. Not until **"The Wings of Eagles"** (M-G-M), however, could Hollywood be accused of cannibalizing, of making film capital out of film people. The curious thing about this picture is that, even though its makers were on intimate terms with their subject, it comes out more fiction than fact. There is just enough tantalizing substance to its hero, Frank "Spig" Wead, to make one wonder what kind of man he really was.

Certainly, in outline his career would seem to warrant a movie. A daredevil Navy flier in the early Twenties, Wead was a ringleader in the bitter rivalry between the Army and the Navy for air appropriations from Congress. According to the picture, the flat-top aircraft carrier was one of his special dreams. Permanently crippled in a fall, he was retired from active duty and later went on to Hollywood to act as technical advisor and scenarist of many of the air and naval pictures produced during the Thirties. He also wrote that memorable play, "Ceiling Zero." Following Pearl Harbor, however, he demanded duty once more and, after a spell in Washington—during which he master-minded a transport plan for keeping the carriers up to full fighting strength—he took over the command of a flat-top and served with distinction.

All of this would seem to demand a respectful, if not a downright dignified presentation. Not a bit of it. John Ford has assembled his familiar stock company and centered his attention, with heavy-handed playfulness, on Wead's youthful peccadillos, on some broadly exaggerated quirks of the movie colony, and finally, with panting admiration, on Wead's combat duty. There is no doubting Ford's affection for his hero; what does come into question is Ford's own set of values. In the earlier sequences, the contest between Army and Navy is reduced to a Sennett-like flinging of whipped-cream cakes and Western-style bar-room brawls. Picture-making in Hollywood during the Thirties is not seen but discussed—by a producer who takes furtive swigs out of a tube concealed in his riding crop. The kind of realistic films of the services that he wants and approves of is illustrated by a clip out of an early Wead picture—a saloon fight between gob Clark Gable and petty officer Wallace Beery. For the finale there are some admirable combat sequences, but each one leads to a stickily sentimental passage with old friends dead or dying. It would be too easy to say that John Ford, one of Hollywood's master craftsmen, is losing his touch. Scenes in the film—an early spat between Wead and his wife, an awkward attempt at reconciliation just before Pearl Harbor—come across with real feeling. But it does seem that his addiction to the folksy laugh, the quick tear, and to a cheap and sentimental chauvinism has begun to trip him up. "Wings of Eagles," more than any Ford film since "The Quiet Man," has the air of a completely personal statement—and the person it reveals is somewhat less than admirable.

* * *

"Drango" (United Artists) might pass for just another action Western were it not for the idea behind it—an idea that somehow got buried in the action itself. At the close of the Civil War there were a number of Union officers who sought duty as military governors in the South to extend Lincoln's ideal of a just peace "with malice toward none." These were not the carpet-baggers, lining their pockets while carrying out Stanton's vengeful policy; and as a result, they were hated almost as much by Stanton's men as by the Southerners themselves. Major Drango is a semi-fictitious composite of these men, the invention of writer-director Hall Bartlett. But while there is ample material in his story for a powerful movie, this one stays pretty much on the surface. And on the surface one finds, too much of the time, the manly, immobile features of its star, Jeff Chandler—whose Earlmar Productions produced the film. Also on hand, as villain of the piece, is Ronald Howard, son of Leslie Howard and a welcome addition to Central Casting. "Drango" is one of those films that is good enough to make one wish it might have been better.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

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BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

Petit Brugeoisie

—Sabena.

Mother and daughter making lace outside their home.

ON AN otherwise cheerless winter's afternoon I rode out from Brussels through the wet flatlands of Flanders to the aged city of Bruges to contemplate the transiency of importance in men and metropolises.

In the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, long before New York was even Nieuw Amsterdam, Bruges had the biggest harbor in the North Sea. It operated a world market, and medieval merchants from Scotland to Smyrna flocked there to talk and trade and promenade its ornate thoroughfares. It put up great buildings and guildhalls, palaces, churches, monuments. Foreign governments built consulates to protect their nationals. And then the River Zwyn and its tidal waters that led to the sea silted up forever. The tide went out and never came back and with it went the prosperity of Bruges, the merchants, the markets, the fine practitioners of the arts, the sailors, the ships, and the consuls. There was only one thing that Bruges was good for, and so it became a living museum.

The pamphlet writers call it now "The Art-Shrine of Belgium," "The Venice of the North," and "The Pearl of Flanders," but it seems really to be none of these, least of all the second, which is a name that other pamphleteers reserve for Amsterdam. Its streets are narrow, curving, and cobbled. Lamplighters still stroll the streets with their long poles and turn on the gas lamps that burn with a flat greenish glow. The windows are framed after a peculiar style of local architecture and there is a colonnaded fish market that could have been designed by Bernini.

There are some stone relics of the old days—the Street of Cordoba, which housed merchants from that distant clime; the consulate of the Republic of Genoa, now a tavern dispensing beer; the consulate of Smyrna; and Scotch Quay. Nearby is a statue of Jan Van Eyck, billed as the inventor of oil painting. He stands at the head of the canal that leads now to the North Sea but is no substitute for the River Zwyn which brought riches and ruin to Bruges.

PAINTERS still come to Bruges to practise the art of Van Eyck, and you can see them on summer days sitting along the canals reproducing in oil the seventeenth-century step-gabled houses and the busy architecture of the Market with its belfry dating back to the thirteenth century. The carillon is probably the world's best known, having had a remarkable assist from H. W. Longfellow. The city carillonneur performs hour-long evening concerts three times during the week in summer and once on Sunday mornings. From October until mid-June the curtailed carillon peals Saturdays, Sundays, and Wednesdays from 11:45 A.M. until 12:30, the fare being Mozart, Schubert, and such.

Longfellow, on whom the beauty of Bruges was not lost, visited the city three times and wrote two poems about it, one entitled "The Bells of Bruges" and the other "The Belfry of Bruges." Tramping the streets at dusk the other day, and recalling these visits, my guide was constrained to recite as follows:

> In the marketplace of Bruges
> Stands the Belfry old and brown
> Thrice consumed and thrice rebuilt
> Still it watcheth o'er the town

As a sort of reciprocal favor, a local citizen yclept Guido Gezelle translated Longfellow's "Song of Hiawatha" into Flemish, and if there is one thing that will snap an eardrum it is American Indian as pronounced in Flemish.

While Bruges cannot in truth compare its canals with Venice or with Amsterdam, they are, all the same, a picturesque network, bordered with gabled houses and spanned by ancient bridges. Every day in June, July, and August the ramparts, the great buildings, and the canals of Bruges are bathed in floodlights from dusk until midnight. In September, making a concession to the "off-season," but being thrifty at the same time, the lights are turned on until midnight Saturdays and Sundays only. Other days they are on until eleven. I don't know how you're going to pronounce it, but excursion cruise boats take off from the landing stages at Dyver, Gruuthuse Bridge, Mariastraat, Rozenhoedkaai, and Vismarkt from sunrise until sunset and, during the summertime illumination, after nightfall as well.

Other inhabitants of the canals are the 150 swans who live in Bruges by city edict and ancient tradition. During the time Maximilian I ruled over Bruges, Max's tax collector, one Peter Langhals, was about as popular as men of that calling usually are. Being expressive types, the Brugeois of that day expressed their disapproval by chopping off Langhals's neck on the guillotine. Maximilian was outraged. Seizing upon the circumstance of Langhals's name, which means *long neck* (well, a tourist guide has to live), he decreed that the Brugeois from that day onward should keep

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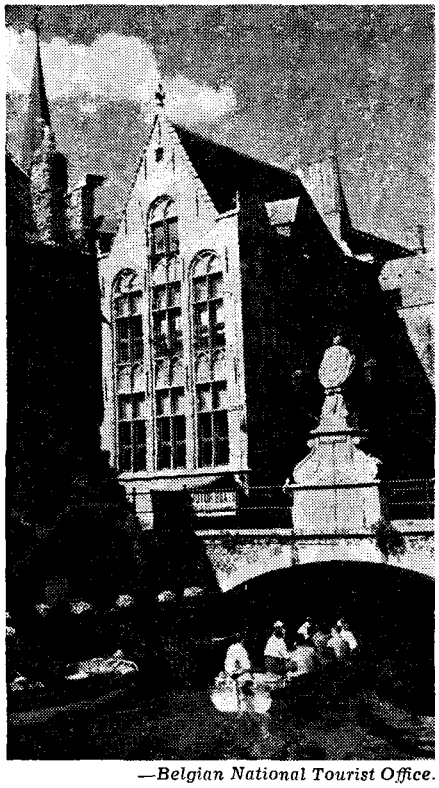
long necks on the canal. And that is why, children, there are 150 swans in Bruges all with the letter B engraved on their beaks and all fed in turn by the bakers of Bruges.

A city that once knew great wealth (it was as well the birthplace of the bourse or stock-market, named after the family Van der Beurze, in whose house it was set up) Bruges also knew poverty. Almshouses were built and supported by the wealthy and there still are 300 in existence. Here in quiet courts live the old ladies of the city. When the days are warm enough they sit outside and make the intricate lace for which Bruges is well known. And when death comes and the art of lace-making dies a little more a stark black poster goes up on the wall of the church, as is the custom. Aside from the almshouses Flanders also supports a number of *beguinages,* which are retreats where women may come to live for a time in seclusion from the world. They need not subscribe to an order or take any vows and when they want to leave they may. In the chill winter's fog I saw them one night at a *beguinage* in Bruges, filtering among the trees, floating in the mist of the wet dusk with their long white headcoverings like phantom dreams tangent to the worldly realm of our presence and yet certainly outside it.

Before heading back to Brussels, whither we had flown a day earlier in one giant ten-hour hop from New



—*Belgian National Tourist Office.*

The canals of Bruges—"phantom dreams."

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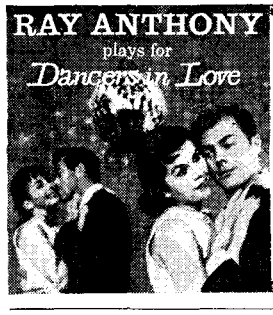

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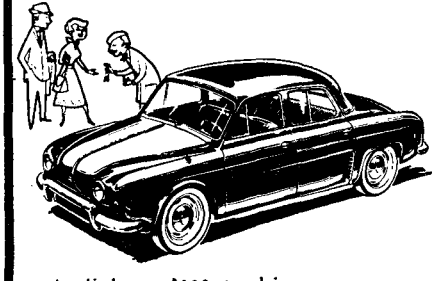

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York aboard a Sabena DC-7C, we rode down to the sea to have dinner at Ostend. The origin of Ostend, or as the Flemish would say, De oorsprong van Oostende, goes back to the tenth and eleventh-century papers, when Ostend was the east end of a stroke or salt field where sheep grazed. The place was known as Ostend-on-the-Stroke. At the other end of Ter Streep, or stroke, was West End.

BY THE summer of 1842 there were already 35,000 tourists sunning on Ter Streep. Queen Victoria came the next year. The first floor of the Town Hall had years earlier been converted into a casino by the king's architect. Now, better than 100 years later, Ostend has its fourth casino, the others having been destroyed by wars. The present one is a tidy little place built for a modest 300 million Belgian francs ($6 million), enclosing 250-foot-long lobby, a ballroom with space for 3,000, and as well a *speelzaal*, a *concertzaal*, and a *bar en leeszaal*. A sort of Macy's of pleasure, it is perhaps four times as big as Monte Carlo, although the highest play in the *speelzaal* is $20 and the lowest is 20 cents. There is no zero on the roulette table, which thus prevents the house from a wholesale killing from time to time. And croupiers are instructed before passing on a stack to a winning player to deduct a 5 per cent winner's tax which is diverted to the Federal treasury.

As the management and the players will readily admit, at Ostend you can't win. —HORACE SUTTON.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *This is the second of two articles which Mr. Sutton has written on Belgium.*

—*Sabena.*

"By the summer of 1842 there were already 35,000 tourists sunning on the Ter Streep."

Ten Years of . . .

Continued from page 22

sessions by Clement Attlee, Archibald MacLeish, Rajkumari Amrit Kaur, Sir John Maud, Leon Blum, and others. One would like to live once more that high moment when at the conference in London in 1945 Leon Blum—only recently released from imprisonment by the Nazis—led the French delegation into the hall and the conference rose and cheered him.

One more difference between the 1946 and 1956 conference bears mention. Ten years ago in his opening address the Yugoslav delegate, M. Vladislav Ribnikar, challenged the statement in the UNESCO Constitution that since wars are made in the minds of men it is in the minds of men that the defenses of peace must be established. This he said could not be done because to assume that wars are made in the minds of men was an "arbitrary conclusion" which amounted to a lack or rejection of "material and scientific knowledge," by which he meant official Marxist doctrine. No such ideological conflict occurred this year. A number of speakers referred to UNESCO as the "conscience of the world." If it be that, as in the case of other consciences, the UNESCO brand appeared to be in conflict with itself. Perhaps Anne O'Hare McCormick's description of UNESCO at the conference ten years ago is better—"a frontierless world of the mind."

In view of this it may be cavilling to comment on the personnel of delegations. Ten years ago there was a large proportion of scientists, scholars, university presidents, and writers in the membership of the conference. Today there are more government technicians. The United States is one of the worst offenders. While one could not properly criticize any member of our delegation for lack of competence or character, would it not be desirable to have had fewer representatives of American Government and business and more from the fields of UNESCO's special competence? Why should the educators, scientists, and scholars on the National Commission not select persons to represent our country in the international forum of education, science, and culture? In the early days of UNESCO we spoke much of "people speaking to people." This dialogue becomes more difficult when government officials are posturing before government officials. To this extent UNESCO loses the possibility to attain a greater vitality.

—JAMES MARSHALL.

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Fiction

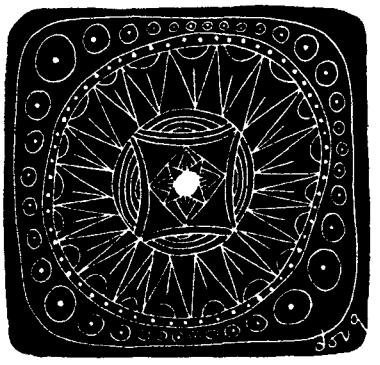
Continued from page 16

narrow strait through which a British amphibious force must pass in order to evacuate the British-held isle of Kheros, near Turkey. Strongly garrisoned, surrounded by A. A. emplacements, and protected from aerial bombing by an overhanging cliff, the guns of Navarone are vulnerable only to sabotage. Since the only possible way for a British demolition team to get at them is to climb the sea cliff on the opposite side of the island and then mix with the native Greek population, a rather unusual combination of skills is required. Subversive Operations Executive in Cairo combs the British forces in the area, and comes up with Captain Keith Mallory, a famed New Zealand mountain climber (it *is* close to Edmund Hillary, isn't it?) who has been a guerrilla leader on German-held Crete, and speaks perfect Greek and German. Mallory's team consists of an American corporal trained in demolition, a radio operator, another climber who is also a naval officer trained in navigation, and finally, Andrea, the perfect "hero's companion." Andrea is a Greek lieutenant-colonel who has lived only for vengeance on the Germans since he was a powerless witness to their atrocities against his family and home town. Strong as Hercules, clever as Odysseus, and brave as Achilles, Andrea is second in command to Mallory, to whom he is so devoted that he has often risked his own life to save Mallory's.

When this group of hard-cases creeps up the impossible cliff and starts dodging across the island, twice escaping from the clutches of German captors, an oldtime pulp magazine reader is likely to feel twinges of memory for Doc Savage and his trusty crew of supermen-scientist specialists in mayhem. Unfortunately MacLean's portraits of human ability among his heroes do seem a little overdrawn. But the sheer brilliance of his narrative skill triumphs over these defects as he brings his group through dozens of tense but absolutely realistic situations to the climactic scene when two demolition experts are wiring up the charges in the gun emplacement while the Germans, whom they have tricked into leaving it unguarded, are cutting through the armor-plate door with welding torches. The book is literally a cliff-hanger, but it offers readers the finest kind of vicarious adventure.

—THOMAS E. COONEY.

WIFE ON A HOLIDAY: A Bordeaux housewife's sabbatical from her husband is chronicled in **"Albertine in the Lion's Den"** (Random House, $2.95), the work of a French lady billed simply as Nicole (and translated by Ruth Whipple Fermaud). Bored after three unspectacular years of marriage with Jacques, and not having access to the electrical appliances that absorb the American homemaker, Albertine thirsts for romance instead. "Go to Paris, go live your life . . . !" says Jacques, with homely wisdom. "Have fun."



And that is exactly what Albertine does. Albertine's fun and Jacques's sagacity is recorded through a packet of letters that pass between the heroine and her girl friend Cécile.

Albertine is billeted in Paris with a lively family named Robert-Guichard —and for sheer fun there isn't a likelier bunch in all Paris. Marie-Laure, the lady of the house, has two lovers, Lucien and Didier. (Now let's see if we can get this straight.) Albertine prefers Didier to Lucien, who is bald. But in spite of this preference, she becomes the mistress of André Challenberg, the family physician, whose manly wife has an odd fancy for Didier, who fancies himself. Marie-Laure and Madame Challenberg conspire out of sheer spite to break up the romance of André and Albertine. The high point of all this mischief is reached when Challenberg admonishes his wife to "leave my sex life alone." That's about all there is except that Florence, Marie-Laure's stepdaughter, conceives a child by a chap called Roger, and Albertine, of course, makes a thoroughgoing mess of the lion's den. These entangling alliances are traced by Nicole adroitly and amusingly, though the reader has occasionally to stop and recall who belongs with whom.

—MARTIN LEVIN.

ROMANTIC VICTORIAN: Margaret Kennedy, whose "The Constant Nymph" of over thirty years ago is still remembered, has written a fascinating and unusual novel **"The Wild Swan"** (Rinehart, $3.75). The reader may have some difficulty, though, in deciding whether her heroine is more interesting alive almost a century ago or in her posthumous revival as the subject of a biography and a play. Dorothea Harding spent all her life in an ancient country house serving as the family drudge. She would have remained peacefully in her grave if a critic had not discovered her diary and written a book supposedly based on it and if a playwright had not written a play about her; both book and play became prodigious successes. But when a bright young man named Roy Collins was sent to the old mansion to gather local color for a film script about her, he smelled a rat or several of them. He became convinced that the biography and the play were sheer nonsense. He determined to clear her reputation of the romantic fantasy the poet and playwright had concocted at the risk of losing his lucrative job.

"The Wild Swan" is more than an interesting and difficult experiment in a novel covering two levels of time. It is an absorbing and tragic story of an attempt to blacken the reputation of an innocent and tragic woman which must be read with deliberation and affection.

—HARRISON SMITH.

LIFE BACKSTAIRS: A kind of backstairs "Cavalcade"—a large slice of life as it is served to an English butler—is essayed by Ruby Ferguson in **"For Every Favour"** (Little, Brown, $3.95). Eddie Boan, known professionally as Edward Shrewsbury (pronounced Shrowsbury) begins his professional career in 1895 as a pantry boy in a Shropshire country house and concludes it in 1953 as a butler in a Manhattan apartment. Between these two poles—which seem ages more than a half century apart—Boan experiences more than his share of misery (most of it self-imposed), and as much pleasure as his incomplete personality will assimilate. And, of course, he watches the Edwardian era, with its leisure class and its hierarchy of servants, disintegrate in the maelstrom of the new century. It is in the sketching of this broad picture that the author is at her best.

Ruby Ferguson demonstrates a special flair for creating Dickensian minor characters and for delineating the passing scene; eccentric dowagers and Edwardian rakes flit across the pages of the novel, giving it an unusual degree of vitality. This quality is unfortunately lacking in Boan himself, an incredible selfless type whose only passion is a schoolboy crush on one of the gentry. In spite of this insufficiency, "For Every Favour" has enough color and charm to sustain the reader's interest till the noble butler's well deserved retirement. —M. L.

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AMERICAN MUSIC ABROAD

By EVERETT HELM

IT IS an open secret that American music fares rather poorly in Europe. Only a small number of works by a few senior American composers is performed from time to time, and the majority of our younger composers are entirely unknown. When "U.S.A." appears on a concert or radio program, the work in question is apt to be by Stravinsky, Hindemith, Schoenberg, Krenek, or another European who has made the United States his home.

A full explanation of the position of American music abroad involves many considerations. One of the primary factors is that of sheer availability—a commercial, extra-musical consideration that works strongly to the disadvantage of American music. If a singer in this country wants to perform Poulenc, Milhaud, or Messaien, he has no trouble in getting the music, for French publishers are well represented here. But if a French singer should want to program a group of songs by Moore or Ives or Dello Joio, he would be hard put to it to find them in his country. He could, to be sure, order them from the United States, but this is an onerous procedure, involving a number of time-consuming formalities. He might also be disinclined to order music he had not first had a chance to examine—for which no one could blame him. With the exception of England, where one or two of the big U.S. publishers are well represented, European performers seldom see a piece of American music.

An equally unfavorable situation exists in the orchestral field. Not only are American scores and orchestral material unavailable in most European countries; the problems involved in obtaining them are often enormous. In most instances the material must be sent from the United States by airmail or air express—a costly procedure to start with. Then there are questions of customs regulations that often cause more headaches. And there is always the danger, more imagined than real, to be sure, of a transatlantic shipment being lost.

But quite apart from these technical hindrances, very few European conductors get to the point of considering an American work for performance. "Plugging" is perhaps a tawdry word for describing the promotional activities that every publisher carries on in connection with his orchestral catalogue. Nevertheless, a genteel sort of "plugging," which we may call "representation," is valid and necessary for the promotion of new works. Conductors, heads of radio stations, concert artists, concert managers, and the like are very busy people, and unless their attention is called to a given work and the score thrust into their (often reluctant) hands, they are probably not going to even know about it. They are certainly not going to track it down on their own. American orchestral music, again apart from the works handled by one or two large firms in England, is *not* being generally represented in Europe. It is no mere coincidence that those fortunate few works that do have representation are the ones most often performed.

Orchestral music, which is rented, and solo and chamber music, which can be bought outright, suffer equally in the European market from overpricing. This is to say that the American prices, which are fair and just in their American context, are quite impossible by European standards. Music publishing costs less in Europe —that is a plain fact. American prices, translated into European currencies, make the sale and rental of our music almost prohibitive, especially when customs duty is added. A song that costs one dollar here may cost five or six German marks. This is the price of a rather large sonata in Germany, where a song of the same dimensions, published there, might cost 1.50 marks.

THE distance between the United States and Europe, plus the lack of adequate representation of American firms in Europe, sometimes lead to misunderstandings of a non-financial nature as well. We know of more than one instance in which Europeans have simply given up and said "nuts." One Italian radio station, a potentially strong customer, has adopted a categorical policy of never again getting orchestral material from America, because of unpleasantness that accompanied one transaction. There are other cases in which the wrong kind of representation has been as ineffective as none—cases in which American publishers maintain a sort of half-hearted representation carried on by persons unfamiliar with the special field of American and/or serious music. A representative whose main activity is in the field of popular music, for instance, is scarcely the right one to "promote" a symphony.

One of the biggest and in many ways most laudable attempts to put American music on the European (and world) map has been made by the Federal Government through

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various agencies of the State Department. It is difficult to keep track of these agencies, for their names, policies, size, personnel, budget, and effectiveness are subject to the constantly-changing policies of Washington. Many a worthy cultural program has been started and then dropped before it could become really effective, and a notable lack of any long-range, overall planning has made most of our official efforts less effective than they might have been. Having participated personally in two "cultural offensives" (one in Latin America and one in Germany) I can speak from experience.

The postwar cultural operation in Germany is the most extensive that Washington has ever mounted, and it was momentarily successful—at least on the surface. During the years immediately following the war there was more American music played in Germany than ever before or since. One might suppose that as a result of this concentrated dose the Germans received between 1945-50 American music would still be heard frequently in Germany. For several reasons, however, this is not the case. In the first place many of the early postwar performances were done under an implied duress; Germany was an occupied country. Yet there was in 1945 a genuine, healthy interest among many Germans to hear and perform our music. We made the mistake, one from which we should learn for the future, of exercising too little selectivity in the music recommended and "plugged."

SINCE 1950 our cultural program in Germany has been carried on through the America Houses, "cultural centers" located in certain key cities. These did a splendid, albeit limited, job for a time, but their operations have been progressively reduced. Music, moreover, is only one of the many activities in which the America Houses are engaged. They, and similar cultural centers throughout the world, are doing excellent work in the field of general public relations, but they are not equipped to enter into professional musical life. Extensive collections of American music and recordings are available for consultation and borrowing in the America Houses, but there is no qualified personnel to foster German performances of our music.

While it is true that a considerable amount of American music is being performed today in our cultural centers abroad, these performances do not on the whole reach the right audience. The appearance abroad of American artists and ensembles, most of whom include American music on their programs, is also very much to the good. An exchange program such as ANTA's certainly helps to achieve the desired goal—that of getting American music into the European repertoire. This remains the real problem, which will not be solved overnight.

To most Europeans, American music remains an almost unknown quantity. Their ears are not used to American idioms, and their musical thinking is often such that they do not "see the point" in much of our music. This lack of familiarity makes it all the more important *what* American music is played abroad.

Rightly or wrongly, Europeans in general are inclined to be somewhat condescending in their *a priori* attitude towards American music. They are quick to point out an obvious fact —namely, that we do *not* have a long tradition that includes such monumental composers as Bach, Mozart, Rameau, Monteverdi, or Purcell. American music is for all practical purposes (that is for purposes of performance) *modern* music. And modern music has a hard enough time to make its way *anywhere*, be it here or in Europe. It is also entirely to the point to remark that *modern* music cuts a no more brilliant figure in the general run of subscription concerts in Europe than does our modern music in this country; perhaps it fares even less well. If one contemplates the weekly Sunday concerts of the four large Parisian orchestras one is appalled by their conservatism. If these contain any "modern" works at all, they are likely to be by Debussy or Ravel. When occasionally a truly modern work is played it is, not illogically, apt to be by a French composer. The situation as regards the general run of subscription concerts is much the same the world over: they are conservative.

Yet most European orchestras give concerts featuring modern music outside their subscription series, and the radio is most active in performing new music, both publicly and on the air. In addition, certain European festivals include a more or less substantial quantity of contemporary compositions. It is in these spheres that American music is conspicuous by its relative absence. There is little doubt that many Europeans do not like certain pieces of American music, because these represent an esthetic tendency foreign to their own—and consequently unattractive.

A certain leanness that characterizes many American scores strikes the typical Central European as anemic. A seeming awkwardness in melodic or harmonic structure, which some American composers employ consciously as part of their style, offends the French musician, who equates it with "gaucherie." The "homespun" atmosphere of American pieces based on or inspired by folk music, shaped-note tunes, and the like leaves the Italian cold. Many Europeans find our music naive, as indeed it well might seem to an Austrian brought up on Schoenberg, Berg, and Kafka. Others find it technically incompetent; still others criticize it as being trivial and inconsequential—especially those who like their music with a certain amount of *Weltschmerz*.

ONE segment of the European (as also, indeed, of the American) musical world would require of American music that it sound distinctly and unequivocally American. Persons of this opinion tend to belittle as "imitations" of European music American works that do not have a typical New World flavor. For many such, Gershwin is the prototype of the American composer; and he is, to be sure, far and away the most frequently performed abroad. Many other Europeans have the impression that American music is limited to the kind performed by Louis Armstrong.

At the opposite esthetic pole stands the European *avant-garde* tending to ridicule American music as being too provincial and conservative for serious consideration. We mention these two extremes, not to prove what everybody already knows—that you can't please all of the people all of the time—but to point up one decided disadvantage of American music in the European musical scene: to wit, that it falls by and large into an in-between category. It is not "tame" enough nor "local-colorful" enough to find a place on the more conservative (subscription-type) concerts; nor is it advanced enough (at least not that portion which is published) to interest the radically-minded.

The criticisms that Europeans make of American music are nearly always based on insufficient knowledge, supported or not, as the case may be, by preconceived conceptions of, or prejudices against, that music. And the vicious circle completed, we are now back at the starting point—namely, that ignorance of American music is due in large part, as of this writing, to unavailability and nonrepresentation. The first step towards obtaining a better showing for our music abroad is, obviously, to make it available. Only then, after American music has been given a real, solid chance in the European musical world, can questions of relative merit and esthetic acceptability receive a fair answer.

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Neues Singspiel.
Die Kaiserl. Königl. National-Hof-Schauspieler
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(Zum erstenmal)
Die Entführung aus dem Serail.
Ein Singspiel in drey Aufzügen,
nach Bretzners neu bearbeitet und für das K. K. Nationaltheater eingerichtet.
Die Musik ist von Herrn Kapellmeister Mozart.
Der Anfang ist um halb 7 Uhr.

Program of the first performance of the **"ABDUCTION FROM THE SERAGLIO"**—July 16, 1782. (At this period it was forbidden in Vienna to print the names of the actors on posters.)

BEECHAM'S "SERAGLIO"

This Month's Mozart—IX

By IRVING KOLODIN

WHEN word was circulated about a year ago that Sir Thomas Beecham's activity in 1956 would include a recorded version of "Die Entführung" there was some private regret that all the other projects had been pre-empted and that he was settling for a relatively inferior work of Mozart. The appearance of the result (Angel 35433-4, $10.98) discloses, however, that the gentleman in question knew exactly what he was doing—which is to give us a clearly new appreciation of the values in this score. This ranks with anything produced in the Mozart manifestation, and outranks everything operatic but Kleiber's "Figaro" for London. It is, artistically, much of the same order, which is to say that it blends a superb playing of the instrumental score with a detailed, careful, and brilliantly integrated singing of the vocal music.

Above all, however, it gives us something we have not had on the phonograph before—an "Entführung" in the specifically Austrian sense of Mozart's nativity rather than the heavily Teutonic one recently provided by Fricsay. It subdues the obvious—such as the triangle and cymbals in the Turkish music, the heavy humor in the text—and gives prominence to all the subtle touches of fantasy and charm with which the score abounds. It dwells not without reason on the love sentiments of Belmont and Constanze, to suggest how they anticipate Tamino and Papageno in "Magic Flute," Mozart's other major setting (for the stage) of a German text. And, in retaining only as much of the spoken text as is necessary to carry the dramatic theme, it relieves the ear of much that had been laborious in the earlier version of Krips (London). The bumptious verbal jokes do not accord well with Mozart's elfin spirits, which soar the more merrily without them.

Working with his own orchestra, Beecham has had an expectable success in translating into useful meaning his rich experience with this work, as well as his innate feeling for it. What is more to the point is that he has been able with such fine singers as Leopold Simoneau (Belmonte), Ilse Hollweg (Blonde), Gottlob Frick (Osmin), and Gerhard Unger (Pedrillo) to shape a vocal texture that accords with the instrumental in refinement and fantasy. Lois Marshall, who sings some of the music of Constanze with enchanting purity and ease, is a different case, as noted below.

Simoneau gives a foretaste (in final arrangement, regardless of the recording sequence) of what is to come with his long-breathed phrase on "Bringe mich ans Ziel" in the opening "Hier soll ich dich denn sehen, Constanze." It is a wholehearted effort at ultimate justice to Mozart's writing, and it succeeds better than anyone would expect. In Frick's first aria "Wer ein Liebchen hat gefunden" we are acquainted with an Osmin of substantial but not grumpy voice, who can inflect such words as "haschen" and "naschen" with a pertinent snarl, and also sing a "shake" (trill) without shaking. As he is called upon for similar effects at later points in the score, it is well to know what we are in for.

Miss Marshall's singing of the high-lying, wide-ranging role of Constanze is easily her best vocal effort to this time, though it does not suggest that operatic characterization is very much in her voice, or line. However, it is clear from the effect that Beecham achieves with the concertante (instrumental) elements of "Martern aller Arten" against Marshall's sustained top C in the climax of this scene why he wanted *this* sound. It becomes another instrumental color in Mozart's varied texture, even if it doesn't suggest that she is very angry at anybody. In addition to fulfilling their solo requirements well, the voices of Hollweg and Unger blend well with those of Simoneau and Marshall in the ensembles. When highlighted with such skill as Beecham applies, the intertwining of voices with woodwinds gives us an altogether new understanding of the "Entführung's" relationship to such a later work as "Cosi."

Textually, the version includes everything but No. 17, a rarely sung aria for Belmonte ("Ich baue ganz auf deine Stärke"), with abbreviations of a dozen measures in lengthy arias, here and there. The major variations from the original come in the relocation of "Martern aller Arten" to a point some hundred pages remote from its original place, and a similar, though not so sizable, relocation of Belmonte's "Wenn der Freude Thränen fliessen." Beecham has reasoned explanations to offer for both procedures in his accompanying commentary, though why it is important to do the *stageworthy* (separate Constanze's two arias in Act II) for a recording, where the impatient Pasha is invisible anyway, I cannot say. The complaint I would enter is that it takes away a dramatic climax from the place assigned to it by the composer, and makes following events rather disjointed, musically, as a result.

The problem of the spoken text has been partially if not wholly solved by using a double cast (aside from Hollweg and Unger). Portions of the

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spoken text show a considerable concern for proper integration with the musical performance, a welcome innovation in such matters. However, as the sides accumulate, it seems to me the care diminishes, and the spoken Belmonte sounds less and less like his singing counterpart. However, this is a tricky matter of acoustics which needs further study. The engineering is of the best sort, with the fidelity to the pure sound of the instruments admired in "Solomon" and no overplaying of the "exotic" Turkish color, of which, like garlic, there can hardly be "only a little."

CONCERTOS Nos. 12 (A major) and 14 (E flat). *Denis Matthews, piano, with the Festival Orchestra conducted by Rudolf Schwarz.* Capitol P 18915, $3.98. The two principal performers have a remarkably unified idea of what they want to do in these works, and as the ideas are suitable to the works, the outcome is superior. The A major in particular profits from an almost chamber-music conception, in which the excellent sound of the orchestral strings has a special part. Matthews's sensitive work is also well reproduced, though the sound of his piano is peculiarly non-sonorous.

CONCERTOS Nos. 21 (C major) and 25 (C major). *Maria Tipo, piano, with Jonel Perlea conducting the Pro Musica Orchestra of Vienna.* Vox PL 10060, $4.98. Tipo's youthful brio and expansiveness in the fast movements are complemented by a suitable lyric impulse in the slow ones, the results distinctly her own. Not the finesse of a Fischer or Casadesus, of course, but not without its own charm. Perlea's well-phrased accompaniments are in the spirit of the solo performance, the whole well reproduced.

ERNST DAUER (1746-1812), who created the part of Pedrillo.

CATHERINA CAVALIERI (1761-1801), who created the part of Constanze.

DIVERTIMENTI in E flat (K. 113) and D (K. 205), two minuets with contradanses (K. 463). *Ernest Marzendorfer conducting the Mozarteum Orchestra of Salzburg.* London LL 1427, $3.98. The sparkling chatter of the fifteen-year-old Mozart's first Divertimento is entertaining, but the real interest here is the D major, a richly-developed work of two years later and much greater beauty. I cannot trace a previous recording, and since this one does it reasonable justice, it brings to life one more score worth knowing. The additional pieces are of Viennese origin (1784) and more than merely diverting. Good sound.

DIVERTIMENTO, K. 131, Cassation K. 99. *American Chamber Orchestra directed by Robert Scholz.* Westminster XWN 18261, $3.98. A work of intermediate date between the two above (he wrote four others before arriving at K. 205), with more of the later beauty than the earlier chatter. However, the methodical performance gives it less than its due, a fact also evident in the playing of the Cassation. The recording is not up to Westminster's European standard.

SYMPHONIES No. 38 ("Prague") and 39 (E flat). *Jascha Horenstein conducting.* Vox PL 9970, $4.98. Both works show care in preparation and animation in performance without matching the exacting standards that mark other versions of recent date. The recording is quite good, but here again neither the playing nor its reproduction challenge the best available.

SYMPHONIES No. 39 (E flat) and 41 (C major). *Bruno Walter conducting the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra.* Columbia ML 5014, $3.98. Two uncommonly satisfying performances, which is about as much as one can reasonably ask in these many-faceted works. Virtue here begins with a sure sense of pace and a clean definition of rhythms, continuing with a broader, more sonorous orchestral sound than is commonly allotted to Mozart. The technical work is attentive to Walter's wishes in vibrance and color, with generally gratifying results.

SYMPHONY No. 41 in C. *Erich Leinsdorf conducting.* Westminster Lab 7022, $7.50. For no reason known to me, this performance is harder driven, at a faster pace (not justified by the total result) than Leinsdorf's own previous one with the Rochester Philharmonic (Entre RL 3103, $1.98). The sound does not qualify for special mention, meaning that the "Lab" price (substantially more for one symphony than Columbia asks for both it and another) is inflated.

TRIOS in B flat (K. 502) and C (K. 548). *Szymon Goldberg, violin, Joanna Graudan, piano, and Nikolai Graudan, 'cello.* Decca DL 9722, $3.98. The performances are painstaking and the music flows smoothly enough but, despite their place among the composer's mature production (1786-88), the works are sub-standard Mozart. The procedures are rather conventional, and though his unfailing distinction asserts itself in this or that idea (the slow movements stand out from their surroundings), the totality falls short of expectations.

VALENTIN ADAMBERGER (1743-1804), who created the part of Belmonte.

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Recordings Reports: Jazz Reissues on LP

PERFORMER, CONTENTS, DATA	REPORT
Duke Ellington and His Orchestra. Victor LPM-1364, $3.98.	The number of jazz 78 rpm's being reissued on LP has been steadily increasing in the past few months. There would seem, then, little excuse for the shoddy production methods most of them continue to be given—poor sound, haphazard choice and arrangement of materials, and insufficient discographical data. Poor production inevitably means poor sales, a fact that Riverside and Columbia, who have set model standards for their reissues, are profitably aware of. Here, for example, are sixteen important sides made between 1940-1942 by what was probably the greatest of the Ellington bands. Nat Hentoff, who has chosen the selections, has contributed sensible notes and full data, but the sound is, if possible, even poorer than the closet-toned recording of most of the originals. A good many prospective buyers may simply want to hang on to their 78's, and newcomers, many of whom are apt to be extremely sound conscious, might be scared away.
Guide to Jazz. Victor LPM-1393, $3.98.	A miscellany, again from Victor, chosen by Hugues Panassié, the saucy French critic. There are sixteen selections—all of them worthwhile—with perhaps the following outstanding: the Mezzrow-Ladnier "Really the Blues" (1938); Armstrong's "Some Sweet Day" (1933); Bechet's "Shake It and Break It" (1940), with S. de Paris, S. Williams, and Sid Catlett; Hampton's "Don't Be That Way" (1938); and a haunting "Sweet Like This," made in 1930 by Joe Oliver not long before he disappeared into the southland for good. Also present are J. Yancey, E. Hines, C. Hawkins, C. Basie, J. Dodds, J. Lunceford, J. R. Morton, F. Waller, and F. Henderson.
Great Jazz Reeds. Camden CAL 339, $1.98.	One of the most interesting reissues from Camden, a subsidiary of Victor. There is no discographical information of any sort, although most of the selections can—with the exception of the Fazola and the Parker sides—be found in "New Hot Discography." There are twelve sides by as many reedmen, among them—in addition to the above two—Bechet, Hawkins, P. W. Russell, C. Berry, Bigard, J. Dodds, B. Freeman, Mezzrow, Noone, and B. Webster. Of particular interest are the Bechet (another side from the Bechet session on the above record, which presents the question: why can't reissues be released by specific recording sessions rather than by arbitrary categories?); the Mound City Blue Blowers' "Hello Lola" and "One Hour"; the irresistible Chu Berry "Shufflin' at the Hollywood," with L. Hampton; and a rare 1946 Chocolate Dandies Session (originally issued on Swing), "Cadillac Slim," which has some superior work by B. Clayton, Webster, B. Carter, and the great Sid Catlett.
The Jazz Greats: Volume I. Emarcy MG-36048, $3.98.	A sloppy, dishonest record that brings together, in somewhat truncated form, some of the finest of the small-band material made in the mid-Forties on the Keynote label. Sandwiched between four superb sides by the Kansas City Seven (Clayton, Young, Wells, Basie, Green, Richardson, Jones) and four loose-limbed Norvo sides (with such as T. Wilson, S. Powell, and Joe Thomas) are four numbers made by a J. Thomas-T. Young-C. Hawkins-E. Hines-C. Cole group, which Mercury has blithely ruined by cutting out all of the solos by Thomas and Trummy Young and in such a way that one hears the first phrase of a Young solo and then is abruptly switched into a Hawkins solo and, again, the first note of a Thomas solo. The sound is poor, the cover undistinguished, and the liner notes apparently belong on a totally different album featuring a group of pianists.
Spike Hughes and His All American Orchestra. London LL 1387, $3.98.	An extremely valuable album consisting of ten big-band and two small-band sides made under Spike Hughes' direction in New York early in 1933 with a personnel largely drawn from the then Benny Carter band. The rather rococo, but always substantial arrangements are by Hughes, as are the five originals. The most appealing things here, however, are the first-rate solos by Dickie Wells, Coleman Hawkins, Red Allen, Chu Berry, Wayman Carver and Benny Carter, on saxophone and clarinet.
Piano Jazz. Vols. I & II. Brunswick BL 54014, 54015, $3.98 each. The Art of Jazz Piano. Epic LN 3295, $3.98. Great Jazz Pianists. Camden CAL-328, $1.98.	A wonderful push-me pull-you of jazz piano stretching from a 1927 James P. Johnson to a recent Mary Lou Williams. The first volume includes Pine Top Smith, Montana Taylor, Romeo Nelson, Speckled Red, and Cow Cow Davenport, all of whom, at this late date, make one wonder if Johnson, Ammons, and Lewis have not at times been overrated. The second volume has Jelly Roll Morton, Frank Melrose, James P., Alex Hill, and Miss Williams. The set has full data and good notes by Nat Shapiro. The Epic record, which has excellent notes by Charles Edward Smith, brings together three sides each by Tatum (1933), Hines (1928-32), and James P. (1929-39), one of which is a lovely Johnson tune, "After Tonight," which features R. Allen, Higginbotham, and Catlett. The final record, another noteless, dateless Camden, features a peculiar mixture that includes a pleasant big-band side by Jess Stacy; Ellington's "Rockin' in Rhythm"; a fascinating "Thou Swell" with Waller on organ, James P. on piano, and the underappreciated Jabbo Smith on trumpet (the Louisiana Sugar Babies, 1927); Morton's Red Hot Peppers; and piano solos by Garner, O. Peterson, Miss Williams, Ammons & Johnson, M. L. Lewis, Waller, and Tatum.
The Great 16! Muggsy Spanier's Ragtime Band. Victor LPM-1295, $3.98.	A collection of the perhaps over-praised sixteen sides made in 1939 by four slightly different Spanier groups. Nine alternate masters have been used, with small results. The sound, like that of the above Ellington LP, is so poor one should think twice before investing in the record.
Trumpeter's Holiday. Epic LN 3252, $3.98.	Another generally excellent reissue from Epic which has three rather mediocre sides by Wingy Manone (1934-36), three fine Red Allen numbers (1935), three sides by the small group Roy Eldridge had in 1937, which have on them some of the best trumpet he has ever recorded, and, finally, three numbers by Frankie Newton's Cafe Society Orchestra (1939), which has, on "Tab's Blues," one of the great recorded jazz trumpet solos. (Note: In this day of largesse, why doesn't Columbia put together an entire Red Allen LP from the large and excellent number of Allen sides in their vaults?)
Dicky Wells in Paris. HMV CLP 1054, $4.98.	An English reissue featuring some of the best small-band jazz recorded anywhere in the Thirties. The twelve sides here were made in 1937 by four different groups when Wells was at his incomparable best. Listen, for example, to his almost unbearably touching second chorus on the blues, "Hangin' Around Boudon." Listen, too, on five sides, to the flawless trumpet of Bill Coleman, an enormously underrated musician, now living in France, whose sense of taste, rhythm, and phrasing have not often been equaled in jazz. Django Reinhardt, despite the suitcase rhythm sections on hand, is effectively present on five sides. Essential. —WHITNEY BALLIETT.

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Hi-Fi for USSR

TCHAIKOVSKY, *"Eugene Onegin," The National Opera, Belgrade, conducted by Oscar Danon,* London FFrr XLLA 41, $14.94.

MOUSSORGSKY, *"Sorochintsy Fair," Soloists, choir, and orchestra of the Slovenian National Opera, Samo Hubad cond.,* 4sc-6017, $9.96.

THESE TWO ALBUMS, I hope, are the last of the unfortunate series of opera recordings to be issued here. Frankly, I am sorry if I appear to be an ogre to the poor Yugoslav musicians just because they were involved in a purely commercial deal. I understand that a couple of years ago an enterprising young man arrived in Belgrade and talked the Yugoslav officials into letting him record a practically unlimited number of works (I have heard of nine complete operas as well as other compositions) on the condition that a well-known Western recording company would do the job. The Yugoslavs agreed—an unusual concession, for no foreign concern is allowed this privilege in Communist-controlled countries.

Thereupon, a few weeks later, six technicians and several trucks with equipment resembling a military caravan rumbled through the streets of Belgrade and set up their studio in one of the large stadia. Whether the decision to sing Russian operas in Russian was based on the notion that the Yugoslavs can do it just as well as, if not better than, the Russians, is no longer important, although this was and still is my chief objection to the recordings. For Nikita Khrushchev paid his friendly visit to the Yugoslavs to patch up their ideological differences, the Yugoslav opera company went on tour in Russia, and when the Russians heard that these recordings were being made they (the Government agency) ordered an unprecedented number of copies. Thus, the enterprising young man and London FFrr made money, the Yugoslavs were flattered by their success with the Russians (although no sane Russian could possibly like these recordings), and everything turned out as it should—except that FFrr should not send them to us, but should save them for the Russians.

Tchaikovsky's "Eugene Onegin," the most popular opera in Russia, certainly deserves a better fate on records. It is the most lyrical in the Russian repertoire and its arias and duets have been favorites with soloists ever since it was premiered at the Bolshoi Theatre in Moscow in 1881. If this opera never succeeded in gaining popularity with Western audiences, I imagine it is merely because the subject is lacking a real dramatic element.

Moussorgsky's "Sorochintsy Fair," on the other hand, is so seldom performed anywhere (except Russia) that this album is a welcome addition to the collection of Moussorgsky's works already recorded. Since the libretto was based on one of Gogol's stories that abounds in Ukrainian expressions, one does not mind an additional Yugoslav touch in the language. What Moussorgsky would have said if he heard these renditions I prefer to leave to the imagination.

The Lubliana Company has an old operatic tradition that dates back to the second half of the eighteenth century. The medium-sized theatre in Lubliana, the capital of Slovenia, (about 100,000 population), for many years specialized in Russian works, although unfortunately the soloists included not so many Russian as Polish and Czech artists. Samo Hubad, their present conductor, certainly gives a far more creditable performance of the "Sorochintsy Fair" than the one given by Oscar Danon of Tchaikovsky's "Eugene Onegin."

—VICTOR SEROFF.

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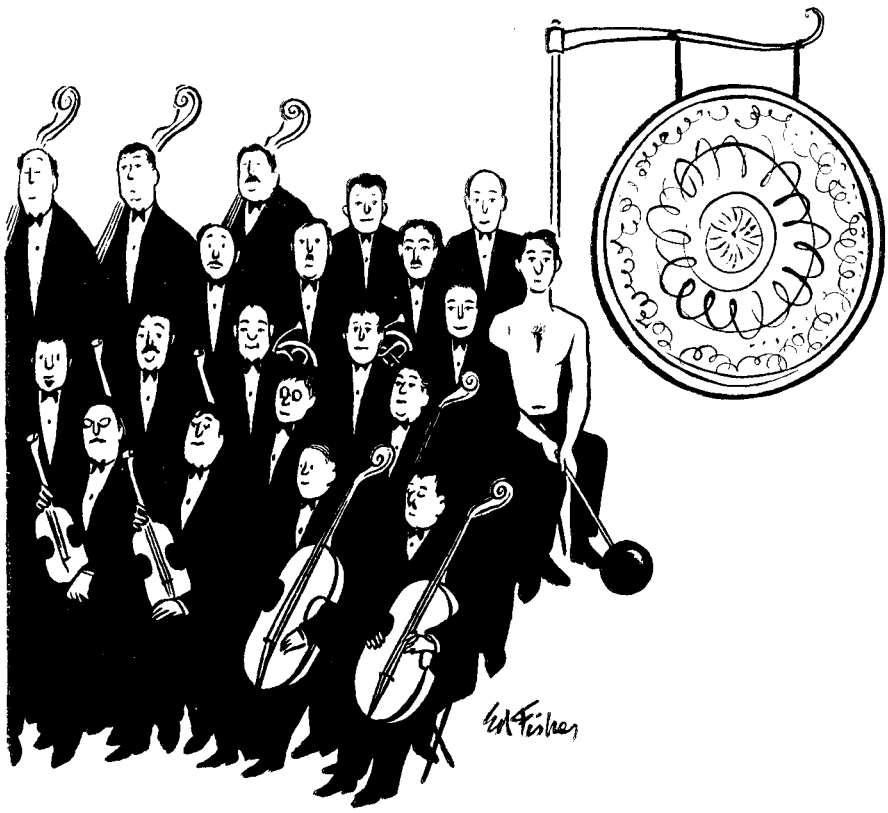
THE LIVELY DONIZETTI

A GOOD deal more than a mere ten years (plus "Lucia di Lammermoor") separates Donizetti's greatest comedy masterpiece, "Don Pasquale," from his earlier humorous triumph, "L'Elisir d'Amore." He wrote twenty-five other operas during that decade, including scores with the vocal brilliance of "Lucrezia Borgia" and "La Fille du Regiment," and the dramatic strength of "Linda di Chamounix" and "La Favorita."

By the time Donizetti put his hand to the libretto, which he had helped to fashion line by line, he was ready to deliver his greatest masterpiece in "Don Pasquale." Though there may not be too many performances of this gem in any single year in this country, it has a remarkable history of regular revivals. In addition, it is one of the first operas to have been recorded virtually complete in the old 78-rpm days. Its LP history has now been increased by the addition of a third distinguished recording (Epic SC-6016).

The earlier LP versions on Cetra and Urania were difficult to choose between, nor is the problem entirely settled by Epic's new set. There are solid virtues in the conducting of Francesco Molinari-Pradelli, who leads both Donizetti operas under present discussion. In "Don Pasquale" he has the services of the orchestra and chorus of the San Carlo Theater of Naples. For his "L'Elisir d'Amore" (London XLLA 38) he has the Maggio Musicale chorus and orchestra. In both operas the pace is sensitive to the spirit of the text, with brilliance in the closing ensembles.

Twin virtues of the "Pasquale" set are Romanian tenor Petre Munteanu, and baritone Renato Capecchi. To sum up Capecchi's talents in one line, he is the superb embodiment of the title role in "Don Pasquale," a colorful and masterly Belcore of "L'Elisir." He carries the characterization of Pasquale to a logical end by insisting that the role is not that of a buffoon, but of an old bachelor of dignity who is tricked but not made ridiculous. In voice and technique, Capecchi is a young master of old arts.



Munteanu is a surprise. His Lieder have been admired, his Bach praised, both with justice. Now he flowers out as a lyric tenor in command of a voice of subtle coloring, a *mezza voce* of ravishing quality, and, as a kind of plus factor, a velvety texture unusual in this music. He is a complete delight. We must be more reserved in our feelings about Bruna Rizzoli's Norina, which is merely serviceable, and on the shrill side just where you would be afraid it might be. As for Giuseppe Valdengo's Malatesta, here is real disappointment, since the baritone is unable to more than approximate the notes in the agile passages. The spirit of the work is eminently present, and, with Capecchi and Munteanu, it is well worth acquiring.

The "Elisir" has more familiar elements in its performance, elements that lend it both strength and weakness. Capecchi's Belcore, on its plus side, is joined by the known quality of Giuseppe di Stefano's arts as Nemorino, though in contrast to Munteanu's Ernesto, we are plunged into the Italianate realm of the half-sob, the stylistic extravagances we have come to expect. It makes us appreciate Munteanu the more in retrospect, to realize that in his singing, completely warm and personal, no trace of these intruded. (Nor did they in the famous Ernesto of Tito Schipa, in a set we hope Victor will bring out of the Indianapolis vaults soon.)

Moreover, Fernando Corena's Dulcamara is the peak of all that is desirable in the role, both in incisive diction and musical inflection. Here is a Doctor to persuade anyone of his power, by the suggestive tints of his voice, and the easy way he dominates any scene.

We are left to wish that Hilde Gueden's voice, which also dominates any scene, had more sensuous beauty, and less strain in these lyrically flighty roles she so regularly takes on. There is no substitute for an Italianate tint in this role, such as Margherita Carosio's luscious sounds in the Victor set, which has both Gobbi and young Nicola Monti as assets to rival the new London. For the last word in "ffrr" sound, London has the winner. Its package is neatly realized in many ways, though it lacks the fine program notes which embellish Epic's "Don Pasquale." What London needs most of all is an Italian soprano for its lighter Italian operas, for which its men are eminently capable.

—PAUL HUME.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Gould with Orchestra, Beecham, "Walküre"

GLENN GOULD's first appearances in New York with orchestra left little doubt that in this young Canadian pianist the younger generation of music-lovers has found a new idol, and prophet. Appearing with the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra and Leonard Bernstein, Gould's playing of the B flat (No. 2) piano concerto of Beethoven found practically all the Carnegie Hall seats usually vacant at the broadcast matinee occupied, many of them by listeners both young and female.

Why they could not be content with the broadcast alone was made apparent once the stoop-shouldered, wispy young man had uncrossed his legs (the posture he preferred while the orchestral introduction was being played) and plunged into his part of the performance. We have seen conductorless orchestras and orchestras conducted by solo pianists; we have never before seen the conductor conducting the orchestra, and the soloist conducting himself as Gould did. When he finished a phrase it was with a flourish, and if one hand only was engaged, the other was likely to be beating time, or even carving figurations in the air under the piano keyboard. As for the loose-wristed dangle of the two hands, immersed in an invisible pair of hand warmers, that was standard procedure when other impulses palled.

However, by merely closing his eyes, the spectator could put himself in the position of the broadcast listener to whom none of this was visible. The conclusion, at any time the test was applied, was that Gould was playing serious, alert, and highly musical Beethoven, that his dynamic sense is uncommonly keen, that his rhythm is crisply articulated, and his view of the long line of a work is informed beyond his years (twenty-two). The B flat, save for the vivacious finale, is not the rewarding kind of Beethoven—the work is actually the first in the sequence, though published after the C major—which made Gould's feat in keeping the attention fastened on what he was doing the more impressive. As Bernstein had his back (and the upraised lid of the grand piano) between himself and his soloist, he was not distracted by the unconventional business going on at the keyboard. I doubt whether Gould was distracted by the unconventional business (such as footstamps) going on at the podium. He seemed much too immersed in his task. Considering the electricity generated, such positive and negative poles of attraction were almost scientifically necessary.

For that matter, adherents to a principle of classic restraint in interpretative procedure had a hard time during the week, which found Sir Thomas Beecham appearing twice as guest conductor of the Symphony of the Air. Whether, in fact, it could be said that he conducted the same orchestra twice is open to question. The present personnel of this "entity" is so fluent that the Sunday program of Mozart (E flat symphony), Beethoven (No. 4 in B flat), and Schubert (No. 6 in C) offered not only different but better players in certain key positions than those who had performed the Haydn 97 (in C), the Beecham arrangement of Handel called "The Great Elopement," and the Brahms Third Symphony earlier in the week. Reminding Sir Thomas of the "deputy" system that prevailed in London prior to his founding of the Royal Philharmonic (and before it, the London Philharmonic) was, to my mind, carrying hospitality too far.

Nevertheless, by sheer power of will and authority, the visitor achieved some heartening musical communication in the Haydn (a work of substance and charm which is seldom heard) and the Handel (despite sundry mishaps in tricky solo passages). As for the Brahms, it struck me as much too impetuous and dynamically overstressed for the kind of musical thought it contains.

In the Mozart-Beethoven-Delius ("First Cuckoo in Spring")—Schubert sequence, Beecham was effective within limits. It was, however, a mere approximation of what is commonly associated with Beecham's taste in orchestral detail and refinement, though the audience obviously responded with avid appreciation. Taken together, the two concerts did not argue very strongly for efforts to sustain an organization in which some key performers themselves seem to have lost interest. The public, after all, was concerned with an ensemble and a quality standard, not a name and enough miscellaneous performers to fill the necessary chairs. The Beecham reputation for vital music-making will survive such impromptu exhibitions as these, if not his reputation for exactitude. Assuming that he expected better material with which to work, an "improvised" performance is bound to leave many loose ends.

AS directed by Dimitri Mitropoulos, the Metropolitan's first "Walküre" of its two "Ring" cycles was stimulating in two ways: for the direct results of the conductor's first endeavor with Wagner in this theatre, and for the possibilities it suggested for the future. Some of it was too loud and other conductors have made the music (especially in Act I) flow more evenly, but it was rhythmically impelling and dramatically positive, which are basic requirements.

All things considered, the performance was not much more than a respectable one, a judgment related to the uncertain vocal elements with which Mitropoulos had to work. Bringing Wolfgang Windgassen to sing Siegmund (and other roles) shows Rudolf Bing's hearty concern for the interest of the Wagnerites

Into the Wind

By Winfield Townley Scott

THE child grabbed my hand and made me run with him
Under the slate-dark sky in air chill with grape.

So much November night came rushing toward us
From all four quarters while he danced and sang
As if for a spring morning, and while he ran
A so determined undirected way, I was amazed
To hear him ask where we were going, and could only say
Just before I lost him, "Not all the way together."

I heard his diminishing steps and then the wind.

Then the clouds commenced shifting arrangements of light
Of the cold and mensal, unmentionable moon.

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"The book is 'Emotion and Meaning in Music' by Leonard B. Meyer and after reading it I am convinced that it is by far the most important work on musical aesthetics that I have ever encountered...it explains for the first time, and in a thorough going and precise way, just how music is related to human experience...The realm of thinking about music will, I feel, never be quite the same again." *THE NEW YORKER*

No musical library is complete without a copy of this unusual book. Conclusions drawn apply not only to Western music, but Oriental, primitive and folk music as well.

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(who, somehow, seem to be multiplying in number despite a semi-starvation diet). He is Bayreuth's best, which means that Germany, for the while, has nothing better to offer. A stalwart man, with an excellent figure and welcome agility for his considerable inches, Windgassen is known for musicianship, earnestness, and sound routine. It would be stretching a point to say that the voice has ear-appeal, for it is produced according to the difficulties of the moment, and with no really consistent sound. His best asset, as Siegmund, is a responsive lower register which serves well in the second-act scene with Brünnhilde.

Also new was Marianne Schech, a Sieglinde from Munich with a sturdy voice, a nondescript physical appearance, and a good deal of enthusiasm for her work. She may even possess that element called temperament (to judge from her response in Acts II and III to Wagner's dramatic requirements), though it would be optimistic to expect anything like tonal velvet from this hard-used voice. Kurt Boehme, a first-rate Hunding, provided the gruffness required, a clean command of the German text, and all the stage authority necessary. On the other hand, Otto Edelmann's Wotan is still in the growing stage, founded on real understanding of the part, though not the trumpet blast of sound to match memorable standards. Blanche Thebom's Fricka conforms to the connotations of respectable, though I cannot say I relish the way her voice is sounding now. The effort she put into singing "Tannhäuser" Elisabeth in Sweden last summer has left it without the previously well-focused middle or a new, sharp attack at the top.

On the other hand, the Brünnhilde of Margaret Harshaw merits some reappraisal. Having broken with her mezzo background several years ago, hers is now, in effect, a different voice. All traces of her mezzo background are effaced, save for the dark lower sound in suitable places, and her experiences abroad have now given her a sure command of necessary action. Together with suitable makeup (including a becoming blond wig), she provides a vocal strength that is always keyed to good musical discipline. If not yet a great Brünnhilde, Miss Harshaw may be admired for the effort that has gone into making her a good one. If there was one general complaint about this cast it would be that everyone (with the exception of the crafty Böhme) was putting projection before proper vocal sound. Herbert Graf's well-planned, reasonably clear staging was a further contribution to pleasure. A large audience responded more than generously.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

Fauré Complete

WESTMINSTER has sponsored a novel and interesting idea in the field of vocal music, a recording of the complete songs of Gabriel Fauré on five LP discs. Besides the more than three score separate songs, the album includes Fauré's several song cycles, "La Bonne Chanson," "La Chanson d'Eve," "Mirages," "Le Jardin Clos," and "L'Horizon Chimerique," sung by two sopranos, a tenor, and two baritones, with accompaniments by three different pianists.

Such a collection of Fauré songs ought to be an indispensable addition to the library of any music school or college. Fauré's significant contribution to French song literature ought, moreover, to be brought within easy reach of every American singer, student or professional. There are more riches in Fauré's songs than have yet been tapped. These recordings fail to show the songs at their best.

Any extended performance of songs by the same composer can be monotonous unless the singers are superb artists. Westminster tried to insure interest in its Fauré album by allotting the songs to five different voices. Unfortunately, the voices are not in themselves interesting enough in timbre or of sufficiently high vocal or artistic standard to keep a listener absorbed for long. This is too bad. More accomplished artists could have made the collection an impressive one.

Several outstanding individual performances are merely the exceptions to the general rule and make the prevailing monotony the more disappointing. The rarely heard cycle, "L'Horizon Chimerique," sung here by baritone Pierre Mollet, offers the listener some lovely moments, as also M. Mollet's singing of "Chanson d'Amour," Op. 27, No. 1. Likewise, Jacques Dutey's singing of "Hymne" shows more color, and is therefore more interesting, than most of this baritone's other attempts. The seldom heard duets, "Puisqu'ici-bas" and "Tarentelle," as sung by Rene Doria and Bertha Monmart, sopranos, are a joy to listen to. I wish that the same could be said for the sopranos' solo performances, although Bertha Monmart has grasped and projected the depth of feeling in "Chant d'Automne," Op. 5, No. 1.

If this collection is supposed to be a definitive edition of Fauré's songs, the several liberties with text and notes are regrettable. This listener would like to know, too, why such texts as those of "Lydia" and "Serenade Toscane," obviously spoken by a man, are sung here by a high soprano.

—WINIFRED CECIL.

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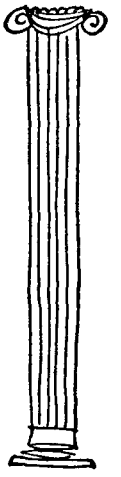
20 WAYS TO BECOME QUEEN OF CUISINE



—*From "The Mistress Cook."*

By HELEN McCULLY, *food editor*, McCall's Magazine.

WITH a rather formidable array of cookbooks on my shelves and the more than twenty volumes published during the past twelve months beside me as I write, I find myself recalling a childhood of wonderful food when we cooked with one cookbook only, our faithful "Fannie Farmer" (still, in my opinion, a most dependable book—especially the early edition, which I use to this day). "Fannie" was supplemented by an untidy, homely compilation of hand-written recipes Mother had picked up over the years—a rich hodge-podge that I refer to even now on occasion. With such a meager file today's housekeepers might wonder how we managed, and I can only say we managed extremely well. True, our herbs were limited to summer savory grown in our own garden, and the extent of our wine cookery began and ended with sherry in an excellent trifle. On the other hand, the only pastry we knew was puff paste, with which our dear old cook, Susan, crowned all her beautiful pies. Unlike today, when our markets burgeon year 'round with everything imaginable in the way of foodstuffs, menus at my home in the small Canadian town in which I grew up were prescribed by the seasons. And I must confess to an occasional nostalgic wistfulness for the good old days when the fruits and vegetables, fish, fowl, and meat marched into my stomach in orderly succession. New potatoes, pink, wet, and delicious in June; young lamb and lobsters in August and, if we were lucky, baby chickens, too. I can remember an August when my sister jumped on the pony and rode away out into the country to bring home on her back four freshly-killed chickens for my father's birthday. Then in September our marvelous salt-marsh mushrooms and the beginning of our annual ten-day mushroom spree. Great baskets of them with their wild, gamey flavor. Cooked in sweet cream, seasoned with pepper and served on toasted home-made bread—hardly worthy of even being called a recipe—yet this is a dish to rival the best at Maxim's. December meant two things: Christmas and freezing our winter's supply of chickens, turkeys, ducks, and geese. I like to think my grandfather, Mr. Birdseye notwithstanding, was the first man to freeze food successfully for his family just about 100 years ago. He developed his "freezer," *circa* 1860, by the simple expedient of building a double-walled room inside his carriage house, insulating it with sawdust, then filling it with hay. The frozen birds (the job of freezing was entrusted to the good Lord) secured in newspapers were buried in the hay until needed. Then, as now, they were thawed and cooked in the traditional manner.

It's fun to look back, but I doubt if I'd go back, even if I could, and I would most certainly find it difficult to restrict myself to one cookbook after knowing the ultimate pleasure of dipping into many. It would be my recommendation to anyone who likes to eat and *loves* to cook (both are essential) that she (or he) build up a small library of cookbooks, thus broadening her knowledge of food and definitely increasing her culinary scope.

Since almost everyone is agreed there are only three great cuisines, every cook should own at least one each of the established cookbooks on French, Chinese, and Indian cookery. Until now there has been no authoritative book in this country on Indian cooking, but happily that lack has been corrected with the publication of **"Classic Cooking from India,"** by Dharam Jit Singh (Houghton Mifflin, $4). This book will delight you even if you never, and never plan to, go near a stove. In addition to a vast number of magnificent recipes (I can vouch for them because many of them were tested right under my nose in the kitchens of the magazine for which I work) you will find, scattered all through the book, stories, anecdotes, and odd bits of fascinating information. Were you aware that it takes the stigmata of 70,000 flowers to yield one ounce of saffron? That in India it is not considered "quite chic" to eat with a knife and fork? That boiled garlic will fell a partridge more quickly than a gun? Friends of mine who've read "Classic Cooking from India" tell me they got into bed with the book and couldn't put it down until it was finished. Read it in bed by all means, but certainly take it into your kitchen and cook with it, for you will discover, as I have, that the Indian cuisine ranks with the French and Chinese as the greatest of all time. You will discover, too, that Mr. Singh has written his recipes so clearly it's no more difficult to prepare Chicken Khare Massale-Darh (Chicken with Happy Spices) than one of our own American dishes.

A second book of real distinction on the past year's lists is **"The Mistress Cook,"** by Peter Gray (Oxford University Press, $6.50). Like Mr. Singh's book, this is a volume for both reading and cooking. Packed with facts, the book is stimulating and absorbing from cover to cover. Anyone who reads it will be more knowledgeable and a more knowledgeable cook. However, I rather resent Mr. Gray's tendency (I hope innocent) to talk down to his reader but this is offset, to a large degree, by a pleasant wit that runs all through the book. The publishers should be spanked for the too-many typographical errors—particularly distressing in a book which is so handsome and so charmingly illustrated. Despite my mild carping, "Mistress" is a book to own and study and use, even if you don't want to make Bechamel Sauce by the half gallon. Mr. Gray, how could you!

—*From "The American Peoples' Cookbook."*

The third in this group of cooking-reading cookbooks is **"Birth of a Cook,"** by Ernest Mundt (Knopf, $4). Writ-

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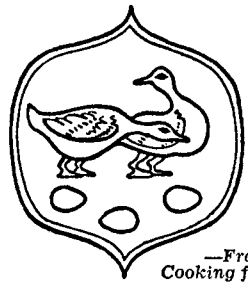
ten with much charm and a little too much ebullience, it left me close to exhaustion when I shut the covers. Largely, I think, because the author makes such a production of every recipe and everything he does. Nevertheless, I was delighted, naturally, to discover that he, as I, mixes his potato salad while the potatoes are still warm and eschews refrigeration; that he covers the matter of dieting in one succinct sentence (to wit: "If you are too fat, you have been eating too much. Eat less"); that he, too, thinks champagne instead of cocktails makes the merriest parties. I shall certainly try his method of cooking rice, and I am sure I will continue to find "Birth of a Cook" an important addition to my cookbook library. And so will you!

The fourth of this particular group, **"More Recipes With a Jug of Wine,"** by Morrison Wood (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, $3.95), will give you a lot to read and a great many recipes. But if you're a cook you may find yourself quarreling with Mr. Wood on many counts. Having cooked a baron of lamb to serve sixteen in my own small apartment-size oven quite recently I was appalled to read, "a baron of lamb is several touches too large to get into the home oven." On the subject of omelets Mr. Wood says, "The more the eggs are beaten the lighter the omelet." While every real expert cautions the cook thus: *Don't* beat your eggs too long. And in a preamble to a recipe for lamb stew Mr. Wood writes, "Many fastidious gourmets would wrinkle their noses in disdain at such a lowly dish as lamb stew." Has Mr. Wood never heard of blanquette d'agneau? This kind of misinformation, coupled with his almost abandoned use of wine, whisky, beer, liqueurs, and brandy in his recipes does not breed confidence.

The fifth, and last, in this cooking-reading type of cookbook is **"The Wonderful World of Cooking,"** by Edward Harris Heth (Simon & Schuster, $3.95). Reminiscent of Stina (only not nearly as good) and many others of this genre, it is, I regret to report, terribly, terribly precious. Maybe I'm just jaundiced, but I find it awfully hard to believe that "certain friends have been caught at three in the morning searching frantically in the crock." All this for a dill pickle?

In the big, all-purpose cookbook class we had four this past year. The first and undoubtedly best known is the new revised and enlarged **"Betty Crocker's Picture Cook Book"** (McGraw-Hill, $3.75; ring-bound, $4.95). The scope of this book is tremendous with hundreds of recipes plus a wealth of basic information which



—From "Classic Cooking from India."

should be especially helpful to the novice. Since menu planning seems to be the bugaboo of many cooks, the section on everyday dinners ought to be a real blessing to all cooks. Next, we have **"The New Basic Cook Book,"** by Marjorie Heseltine and Ula M. Dow (Houghton Mifflin, $4.95). This is another revised edition with close to 700 pages that surely must cover everything, cooking-wise, from A to Z.

The third is **"The American People's Cook Book"** (Hanover House, $4.95), which was compiled by the staff home economists of Culinary Arts Institute. I assume that the recipes were thoroughly tested and therefore work, but they don't seem very imaginative to me even for plain American food. Although the recipes are handled in the style of "The Joy of Cooking,"

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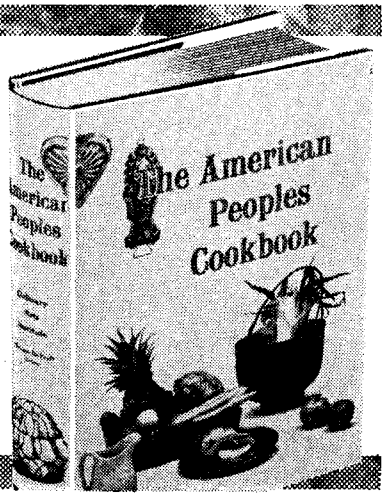

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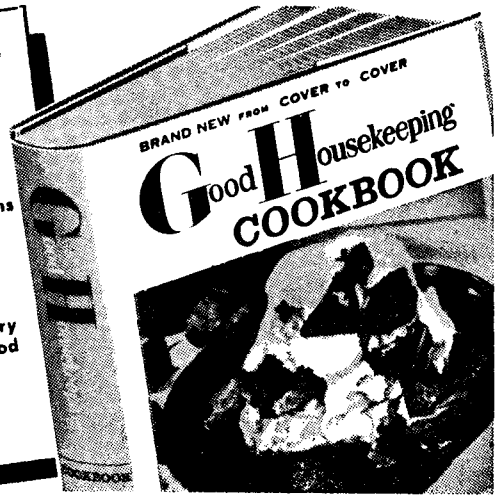

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which beginners especially seem to like, the over-all appearance of the pages is jumpy, which I would find distracting. The fourth and last of the big basics is **"Philip Harben's Cookery"** (Philosophical Library, $10). I'm told Mr. Harben has a terrific TV following in England, but after reading his book I must say I wonder why. Until something much better comes along I shall continue to string along with that reliable English cook, Mrs. Beeton.

"Creative Cooking," by Nicholas Roosevelt (Harper, $4), is a thoroughly adult approach to food which

—From "Cooking with the Chinese Flavor."

I, for one, found refreshing. It is not in any sense a complete cookbook nor, I would gather, was it intended to be; but as Mrs. Dione Lucas points out in her introduction it clarifies the fundamentals for the beginner and gives helpful reminders to the more experienced cook. A new and interesting book, as useful to the student of American history as to the student of cookery is **"The Everlasting Pleasure,"** by Kathleen Ann Smallzried (Appleton-Century-Crofts, $6). In what is actually a social history, Miss Smallzried traces the rich and savory story of American food patterns from the first New World settlement down to the present day. It makes enlightening reading and should be an invaluable reference for anyone interested in this facet of Americana. **"The Book of Tea,"** by Okakura Kazuso (Charles E. Tuttle, $2.50), is a most unusual book with a fascinating background. Written fifty years ago as "an esoteric morsel for a select few in the small esthetic world of Boston," it has moved in ever-widening circles. The title is deceptive for it is neither a study of "tea" nor of Japan's tea cult but rather a magnificent attempt to make understandable the essence of Japanese culture. This little classic is now presented in a new and extremely beautiful edition.

We had last year two books on foreign cooking, one French and one Chinese. The former, **"French Home Cooking,"** by Claire de Pratz (Dutton, $3.50), is simply French bourgeois cooking. But, unfortunately, the author assumes the reader already knows how to cook. A rank amateur would, I suspect, find himself in very deep water even with, as the introduction suggests, a basic cookbook at his side. The other, **"Cooking with the Chinese Flavor,"** by Tsuifeng Lin (better known as Mrs. Lin Yutang) and Hsiangju Lin (Prentice-Hall, $3.95), is worth the price of admission if only for the chapter on vegetables. It's one of the few books on Chinese cooking that has ever made me itch to go into the kitchen and start cooking. Definitely recommended to anyone who loves Chinese food. And who doesn't?

The past twelve months made one bow only to obesity with **"Low Calorie Cooking,"** by Leonard Louis Levinson (Hawthorn Books, $4.95). The book would be impressive if for no other reason than the formidable list of acknowledgments. I assume that anyone with the will power to follow this book would lose weight, but I also know that anyone can lose weight by simply cutting down on his food intake. When we can package and sell will power, we'll have the problem licked.

Of the regional books, the year brought forth just two, **"Julie Benell's Favorite Recipes"** (Hanover House, $2.95) which is not a great book but certainly a very nice book. Largely devoted to recipes from the Southwest, these are all Julie's favorites and they're all real good. The second, **"The Pacific Hostess Cookbook,"** by Lamora S. Gary (Coward-McCann, $3.95), refutes its title by the inclusion of more recipes that are not indigenous to the West Coast than are. The best book to date from the Pacific is Helen Brown's "West Coast Cook Book," and it's my guess it will remain so.

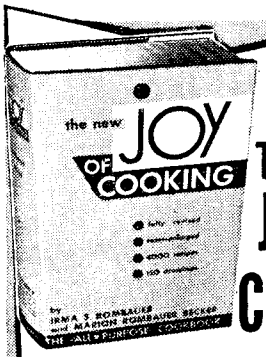
Marian Tracy's familiar **"Casserole Cookery Complete"** (Viking, $2.95) is out in a new edition which will please the many people who've been cooking with Miss Tracy since 1941.

For the candy cooks, the Popes of Chicago fame have a new edition of **"Candy Book,"** by Antoinette and Francois Pope (Macmillan, $3.50) which, to even a non-candy cook, makes great good sense. Anyone interested in candy making will find this compact, clearly written, and easy-to-follow book a joy.

The last on the list of our annual roundup is **"Love and Knishes,"** by Sara Kasdan (Vanguard, $3.50), which the publisher calls "an irrepressible guide to Jewish cooking." Actually, it is rather amusing but, more importantly, the recipes are intelligently presented and written.

In closing I should like to make one point. It is this: if a cookbook yields only one good recipe (a good book will, of course, give you far more) it is still a worthwhile investment.

No kitchen is complete without these 3 books



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Letter to a Teacher in Gaza

Continued from page 11

your camp. I had gone to an army field kitchen for lunch. It was there that I met Colonel Gaon. He isn't much older than you. Most of the top men in the Israeli army are astoundingly young. Colonel Gaon is a native Hollander, fought with the British in the Far East and Europe during the Second World War, volunteered in the Israeli Army during the Palestine war eight years ago, and has stayed here since. He is well read, follows world affairs closely, and has a well developed philosophy of life. My guess is that once matters calm down he may turn his major efforts in the direction of diplomacy and the ministry of foreign affairs.

In any event, I covered the same matters with him that I did with Colonel Lucas of UNRWA. The picture I got was substantially the same. When I brought up the matter of the schoolteachers who were not allowed to return to the classroom, he accepted full responsibility for that decision. He realized what a delicate problem it was to suspend a teacher but said that the classroom was no place for the kind of propaganda that taught young people to hate. He felt that the teacher's job was to preside over the education of youngsters and not to make recruits for terror raids.

"But you mustn't imagine," he said, "that this has been widespread in Arab schools. Out of some 1,200 teachers in the Gaza Strip only twenty-five have been suspended."

I asked him how a teacher could go about proving his right to return to the classroom. His reply indicated to me that he was willing to reconsider his decision if reasonable assurances could be given.

My suggestion, therefore, is that you write to Colonel Gaon at Israeli military headquarters and tell him why you feel your case has been unfairly or incorrectly judged. My guess, too, is that even if there may be something unfavorable in your record, your statement concerning your intention to put all your energies into the teaching of English will have careful consideration.

I am interested to hear what you decide to do. And if you write to Colonel Gaon, please let me know what he says in his reply.

* * *

NOW for the larger questions you posed. These questions concerned the Israeli attack and occupation and, in general, the intentions of the Israeli. It was largely in search of answers to such questions that I had come to Israel. When the news of the invasion of the Strip and Sinai peninsula broke across the world last October, the volcanic shock waves were felt everywhere. It also produced stark disbelief. Israel had not been generally associated with aggressive designs or means. Even more serious was the fact that a military thrust of this nature carried with it the danger of world war. The conflict of interests in the Middle East among the world powers is such that any sudden disequilibrium could upset the precarious balance in the world itself. And world conflict is no longer a contest for supremacy but a potential atomic furnace for two billion human beings. It seemed inconceivable that the Israeli leaders were willing to run this risk, no matter how great the provocation of the last few years.

Before and after my visit to the Beach camp, I discussed the question with Israeli people, in and out of government. This would include members of the Prime Minister's office, the Foreign Ministry, teachers, and people I happened to meet wherever I went. I found a unity of conviction and determination that had the virtue at least of furnishing me with crisp and incisive answers.

"You've got to live here in order to understand it," the owner of one of the many bookstores in Tel Aviv told me. "Night after night the Egyptian sent their *Fedayeen* raiders across the border. Small raids. One or two murders at a time. Too small to make news in the outside world—the headlines came only when after three or four months of terror we would launch a punitive raid in force. But those of us who live here didn't need headlines to tell us the meaning of terror by night. How long can you put up with this sort of thing before you're driven to end the terror once and for all?"

The day after this conversation I had lunch at a home some twenty miles north of Tel Aviv. Less than sixty feet from where we sat was the rubble pile of a stone-and-cement cottage that had been blown up by a charge of dynamite sufficient to shatter a structure five times its size. A man who had been in the house at the time was of course killed. The dynamiting had been done several weeks earlier by terror raiders.

On my way to the Beach Camp I passed a large barracks-like affair that had served as a base for the *Fedayeen.*

On the same day I met you at the camp I visited a cooperative Israeli farming settlement near the border of the Gaza Strip. There I saw the wreckage of various units of the community. I also met a three-year-old boy whose father, Roei Rothenberg, had been kidnapped in a *Fedayeen* raid a year earlier. Shortly thereafter, the dead body had been thrown back; the eyes had been torn out. When I walked into the dining room of the settlement I saw rifles along the wall; the farmers cannot go about their daily work without being ready for instant attack. Even children had to be armed.

At another of the border settlements I visited near Gaza, I met Israeli farmers who were embittered towards their government because of the inadequate protection it had afforded against raiders. It is now possible for officers of the Israeli army to show themselves at these settlements. Before last fall, they were objects of ridicule because they had been ineffective against the *Fedayeen.*

Even after seeing the effects of the terror raids, however, I was not satisfied. It had seemed to me that the Israeli and the Arabs had been caught up in a chain reaction of reciprocal terror. Wasn't it possible that each side was determined to teach the other a lesson and that each raid was in the nature of reciprocal or punitive action designed to put an end to forays by the other? I remembered reading an article in

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 711

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 711 will be found in the next issue.

FP AFBNCO DRGNB

MRAKLHO, AFBNCO TLB

MRAKLHO NHRQXT.

—T. Z. WTRCNLQ.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 710

The fellow who isn't fired with enthusiasm is apt to be fired.
—B. C. FORBES.

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Harper's magazine a few years ago in which an Israeli official wrote that the only language the Arabs understood was force. The article said that unless the Israeli hit back with multiplied impact the Arabs would have no incentive to desist. I remembered, too, a conversation I had at the Bandung Conference with President Abdel Gamal Nasser, of Egypt. The Jews, said President Nasser, understood only the language of force. It was only at the point of a gun or a sword that they could be made to see reason.

There you had it. With both sides accepting the vocabulary of violence as the only medium of communication, it was inevitable that the guns would speak. In my talk with Colonel Gaon, I said I wondered whether Israel was justified in using the *Fedayeen* raids as the reason for its attack in Gaza and Sinai in view of the fact that the Egyptian terrorist activities may have been in retaliation for the Israeli raids which were in retaliation for Egyptian raids, and so on.

Colonel Gaon shook his head, then asked me calmly whether I had taken the trouble to look into the actual sequence of events.

"When one goes beyond opinion into fact, he finds that the situation is not as you surmised it," he said. "The record shows that the *Fedayeen* raids would go on for three, four, maybe five months without Israeli retaliation. A farmer killed one night. A *kibbutz* store-house blown up the next night. A home in the country set afire the night after that. A boy on a bicycle machine-gunned from across the border. A professor walking on a ridge road in Jerusalem killed by a long-range rifle. Week after week it happened. Then, when the demand of the people themselves became insistent, a counter raid would be launched. It would be a grisly business, and the world heard about it, but at least things would quiet down for three or four months and the people could get some work done. This idea of yours of one raid leading to a counter-raid just doesn't correspond to the facts. If you examine

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LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

The following are correct: 1, 3, 4, 5, 7, 9, 11, 13, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30. Total, 18. Errors are in the following entries (here corrected): 2. Heywood Broun. 6. Walter D. Edmonds. 8. C. S. Forester. 10. Zane Grey. 12. Aldous Huxley. 14. Howard Lindsay. 15. John Middleton Murry. 16. Eugene O'Neill. 17. Katherine Anne Porter. 18. William Sydney Porter. 19. Edwin Arlington Robinson. 20. Carl Sandburg.

Sloane

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ne record, you will see that what I have said is true."

I did look into the record. What he said was substantially correct. And one fact is central. The Egyptian Government has publicly sponsored and rewarded its raiders. It had been openly stated that the purpose was to make life intolerable for the Israeli. It had also been stated that Egypt would not rest until the Israeli state had been drowned in a sea of blood.

"What did America and the outside world expect us to do?" I was asked time and again, from Haifa to Jerusalem. "Sit back and become passive observers at our own destruction?"

At the Israeli Foreign Office, when I said I wondered whether any provocation was great enough to warrant an action that could imperil the safety of the entire world, I was told that the failure of the Israeli to act as they did might have produced even greater risks.

"We have never made the mistake of thinking that this was only an Israeli-Egyptian affair. We couldn't even if we had wanted to. There was never any doubt in our mind from the moment Egypt began receiving massive arms shipments from the Communist world that other people were involved. The size of the arms we captured proves that it wasn't Egypt alone which was going to use them. The guns alone far outnumbered the hands in Egypt that could have held them. And what about the thousands upon thousands of bedsheets that were in military storage? Were these intended only for Egyptian soldiers? Then there were the large tanks that had been shipped in from the outside. There's no doubt that this build-up represented the real risk of war—and not the action we took to get rid of it.

"The world is terribly excited and concerned about the Israeli military campaign. How is it that there was so little concern and excitement when the Communist world shipped the arms into the Sinai peninsula in the first place? The existence of those arms, directed against us, was an act of war.

"When Egyptian army officers took command of the military establishments of Jordan and Syria, as part of a pact against Israel, what were we supposed to do? Assume that this had nothing to do with our security? When our ships were prevented from entering a body of water on which we had an important seaport, were we supposed to believe that this was in the interests of world peace? What would America have done if another nation had tried to do the same thing to her? It wouldn't have put up with it for three minutes, let alone three years. Yes, I suppose we could have won world sympathy by allowing ourselves to be attacked and overrun and liquidated as a nation. But our purpose is survival. After that, world sympathy if we can get it.

"Someday the world may feel to its great regret that it made a terrible mistake in its handling of this matter—in forcing us to withdraw before it addressed itself to the reasons for our being there. One can only hope that it will not then be too late."

I COULD see his point, but I thought it important to venture the opinion that the United Nations had such widespread support in its action calling for British, French, and Israeli armed withdrawal not because it condoned the provocative action that preceded the Israeli attack. The support was directly related to the hope that the United Nations would finally assert itself as an effective organization wherever threats to the peace were concerned. When Israel attacked in force, it was the clear obligation of the U.N. to insist upon and, if necessary, to compel withdrawal. The announcement that a United Nations police force would be formed was hailed as a historic and long-overdue decision. Indeed, a strong movement has developed towards setting up this force on a permanent basis. In short, the best hope for Israel is that the precedents and machinery in the United Nations will now be created that can underwrite the sovereign existence of all nations, large and small. There is still much to be done before these principles can become a working reality; but at least a start has been made.

In response, I was told that Israel would give full support to a United Nations organization which in fact and in deed could enforce world law. But it was the very reluctance of the United Nations to assume the obligations of world law in the Gaza Strip and the Gulf of Aqaba that was creating a problem for Israel. Israel didn't want to keep the territory; all she asked was that the U.N. itself take over and police the area in order to enforce the peace. Another thing that bothered the Israeli was that other nations which demanded that Israel obey the resolutions of the U.N. Assembly were spurning U.N. resolutions when applied to themselves.

"How is it that the U.N. backs down when a mighty nation like Soviet Russia ignores the demands of the U.N. about Hungary yet will direct all its energies against a small nation like Israel when what Israel actually seeks is the assumption of proper responsibility by the U.N. itself?"

At the same time, it will be necessary for all the nations involved to develop a greater respect for the responsible authority of the U.N. When

The Sacred Wood

By Dilys Laing

IN THE forest of the Alphabet the child
could not pass the tree called Fear.
The deathly owls came mewing from its boughs
and ripped the hinges of his tongue.

The boy wept at his teacher's knee:
"I cannot learn to read my life."

In the forest of the Alphabet the youth
could not pass the tree called Joy.
The birds of life came flying from its boughs
and tried to strike his tongue to fire.

The youth said to the long-eared crowd:
"Your eyes have stricken me with fear,
I cannot read my poems clear."

In the forest of the Alphabet the man
reached the holy oak Omega.
The winged sun was beating in its boughs
and dropped a leaf of light upon his tongue.

The poet sang to the black century:
"Here in the sacred wood I stand,
a sickle burning in my hand
to cut the bough that is a brand,
and they who love shall understand."

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the Israel Government takes upon itself to intern or expel U.N. Gaza employes because they are Egyptian it is acting outside its sovereign limits and is challenging the ultimate source of its own security. And when Egypt continues to make the kind of threats that preceded the last outbreak, this too becomes costly anti-U.N. business.

* * *

THE heart of the problem then, whether with respect to Israel, Egypt, the Middle East as a whole, or the world itself, involves not only peace but justice. There is not a threat to the peace in the world today that does not involve the claim for justice. You seek justice for the Arabs who lost their homes in the war. Egypt seeks justice against the large nations in the matter of the Suez Canal. The large nations seek justice in their relations with one another.

But where is justice to be found? So far, the United Nations has been a marketplace for the display of national interest rather than an agency whose structure permits it to enact and enforce law in the interests of the human community. There is as yet no overriding central allegiance to a concept larger than that of the nation itself. There is no impartial tribunal concerned with objective judicial decision or review. Each nation insists on being supreme in matters of its own security. But nationhood on this level and human survival are no longer consistent.

I say this because, though your own predicament is visible and dramatic, it is essentially the same as the predicament which confronts Americans or anyone else for that matter. There can be no true security for any individuals anywhere so long as anarchy exists in the world. And it is not enough to expel the anarchy with force. The anarchy must be replaced with the full machinery of justice. You and your neighbors can be resettled but your new homes will be without foundation until such time as all of us face up to the basic problem—the need to define justice among nations no less than among men and to give all our energies in making that concept come alive.

I write this letter because of my respect for you as a fellow human being. I write it out of my confidence that there is enough good will left in all of us to see our obligations to each other. Great connections beyond national boundaries and religious backgrounds will make possible a common goal—a world made safe for its diversity. It is neither too late nor too soon to begin to develop a respect for such a large design. The generations ahead have rights too.

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By Doris Nash Wortman

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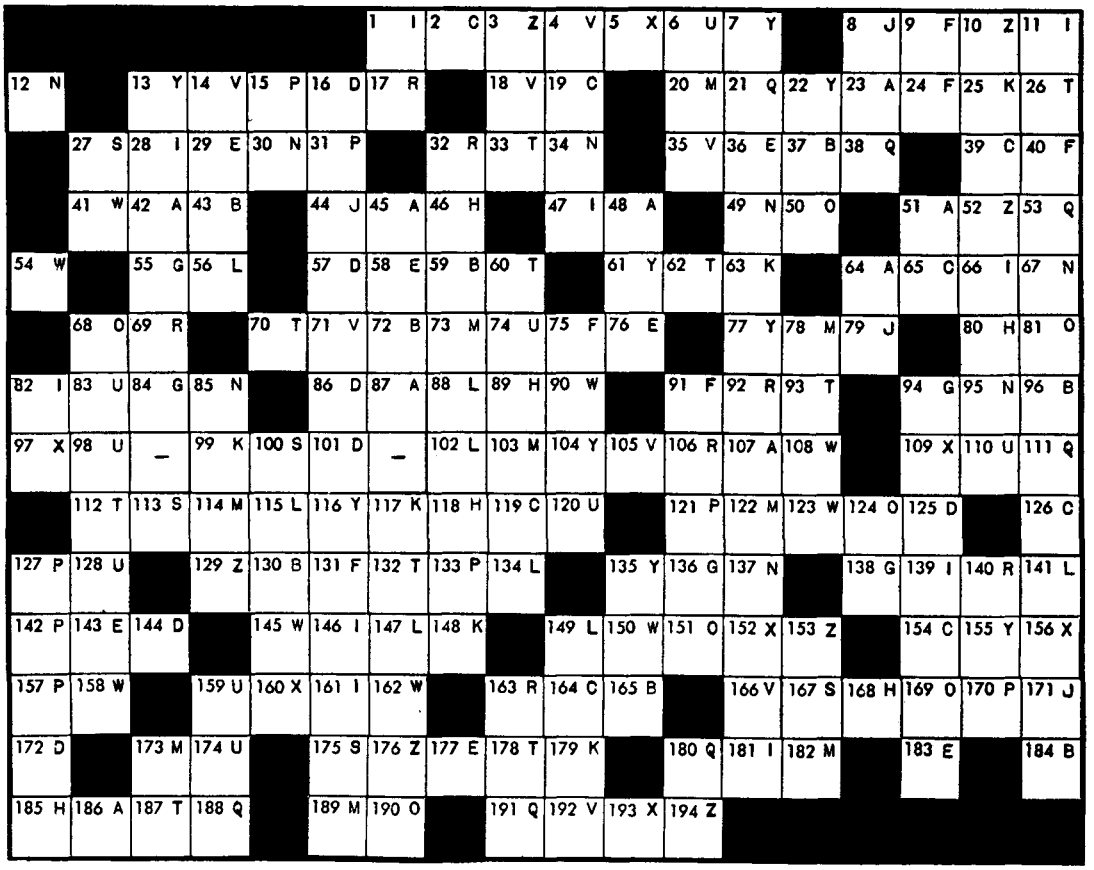
E. Irish town of which Raleigh was mayor and where he planted the first "Irish" potato.	177 58 29 76 36 183 143
F. In Greek mythology, one of her sisters was Euryale.	40 91 24 131 75 9
G. A measure of time.	138 55 84 94 136
H. Artful, sly, fraudulent.	185 89 118 168 80 46
I. Titular locale of a Scott novel (1827) about Elizabethan times.	82 161 181 139 66 1 28 11 47 146
J. Amer. Y.M.C.A. official and writer (1871—; "India Awakening," etc.).	171 79 44 8
K. Exhausted.	179 117 99 25 148 63
L. Series of Dada collages by Ernst and Arp, 1919.	56 115 149 141 134 88 102 147
M. Soft elastic fabric napped on one or both sides, very warm (2 wds.).	122 173 182 114 103 73 189 20 78

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. Worried persistently.	49 95 67 85 137 30 12 34
O. A rebate, usually illegitimate (comp.; U.S. slang).	124 81 151 50 68 190 169
P. Loosen a fist or other thing tightly shut.	15 133 142 170 31 127 157 121
Q. God of the largest river of the Peloponnesus.	180 191 188 21 111 53 38
R. Two wds. indicating a just claim to something; as asylum, search, passage, etc.	140 163 17 92 106 32 69
S. Alternative spelling of the tent used by nomads of Siberia.	27 100 167 175 113
T. Massachusetts town where Daniel Webster spent latter years of his life.	178 187 26 112 62 70 132 93 33 60
U. Stirring, moving, afoot (3 wds.).	74 174 120 110 6 159 83 98 128
V. Taking turns in filling an office.	166 18 35 192 4 71 14 105
W. Accompanying or consequent.	123 90 145 158 162 108 150 54 41
X. Large wildcat susceptible of domestication, esp. for use in hunting.	193 160 97 152 109 156 5
Y. Of present or recent times (comp.).	155 104 61 135 22 7 116 77 13
Z. Early seat of Christianity in Asia Minor.	194 52 176 3 153 10 129

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 7 of this issue.

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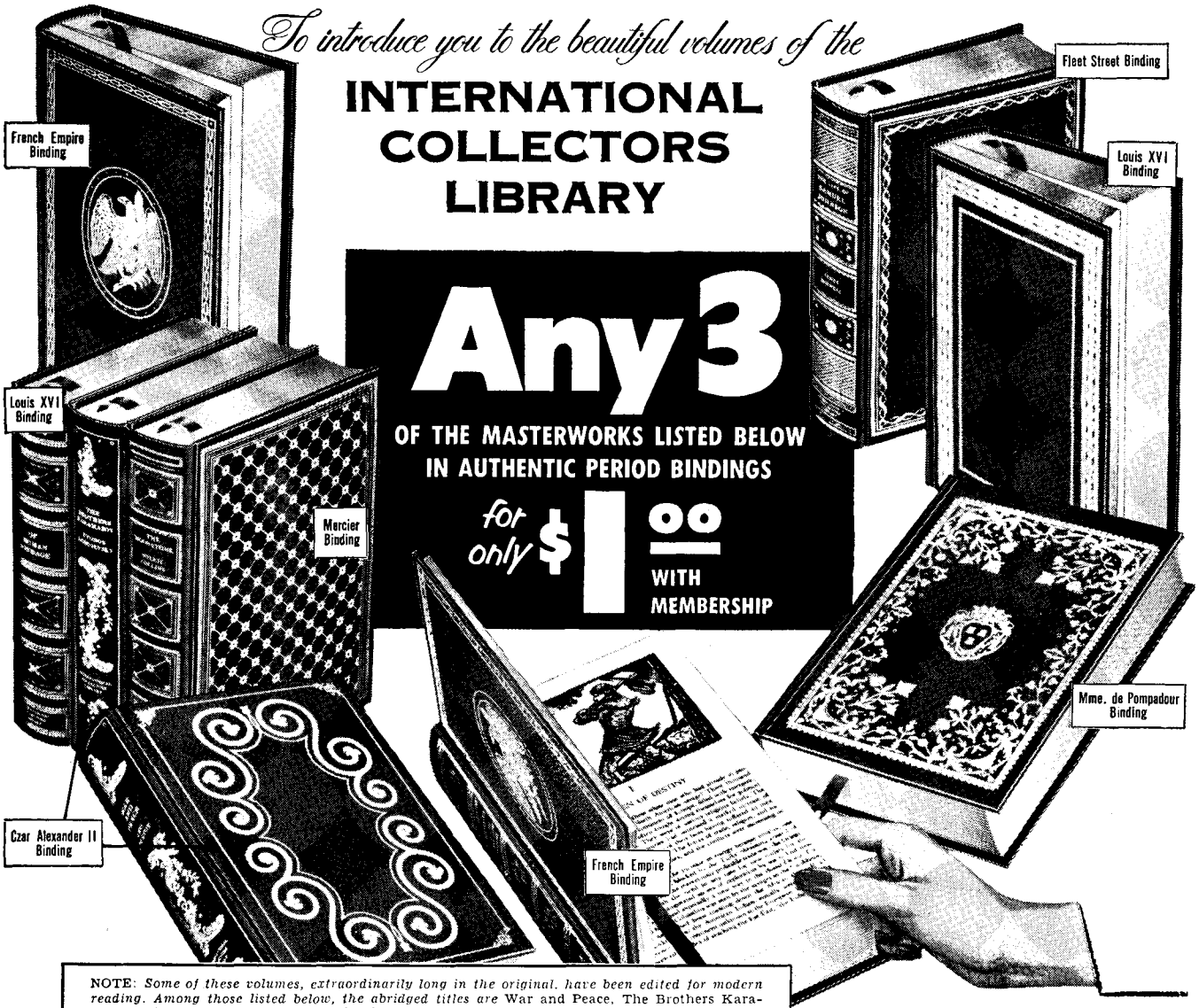

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